

AN ANTHOLOGY ❀
❀ ❀ OF MODERN
BOHEMIAN POETRY.


· P · SELVER · B.A. ·

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AN ANTHOLOGY OF
MODERN
BOHEMIAN
POETRY

BY
P. SELVER, B.A.

A 12-482

London :
HENRY J. DRANE,
Danegeld House, 82A, Farringdon Street, E.C.

*To Dr. Josef Karásek, of Vienna,
and Fr. S. Procházka, of Prague,
this book is gratefully dedicated.*

PREFACE

IN the present collection an attempt has been made to introduce modern Bohemian poetry to English readers. It will be seen that the majority of the poems, with one or two obvious exceptions, are of recent date. Kollár's elegy was written as early as 1824, but was included here because of its importance as a landmark in the revival of Bohemian poetry, and as a general expression of the Slavonic temperament. Erben's "Willow" also appears, for although it is a product of the early fifties, it is an excellent example of the Slavonic ballad, and the "Garland," from which it is taken, plays an important part in the Bohemian poetry of the nineteenth century. The poems of Hálek, written in 1859, were introduced, not so much for their intrinsic value, but rather as a means of gauging the progress made in Bohemian poetry during the course of a few years. A comparison of Hálek with Vrchlický, Sova, or, to take an extreme case, Březina, will make this clear.

This collection makes no attempt at being exhaustive. That would be entirely beyond the scope of one volume. Indeed, it would hardly be possible for any one man to translate an exhaustive anthology of modern Bohemian poetry, so extensive is the available material. The present choice

was made largely as a result of personal likings, and it is difficult to see how a translator can adopt any other course, if he is to do justice to his originals. As a result, however, it is necessary to point out that the relative importance of a poet does not always correspond to the number of poems by which he is here represented. It is, of course, only fitting that poets like Březina, Sova and Vrchlický should appear as often as they do. But, on the other hand, Neruda and Čech have only one poem each to their credit, which, to some, may appear a somewhat meagre allowance. This is true, to a certain extent, of Heyduk, Machar, and Zeyer. In the main, however, this collection will be found to be fairly representative of the poetical output in the Bohemian language during the last twenty or thirty years.

As regards the translations themselves, they have been made as literal as possible, and the metres of the originals have been reproduced as far as the varying rhythms of the two languages permitted. In the case of Kollár's elegy, this has led to the somewhat risky experiment of writing English hexameters and pentameters. It should be pointed out that those poems which appear in rhymeless metres (chiefly those translated from Březina) are rhymeless in the original.

My best thanks are due to the Editor of the "New Age," by whose courtesy I am permitted to reprint certain of these translations.

In conclusion, I have much pleasure in acknow-

ledging my indebtedness to Dr. Josef Karásek, of Vienna, by whose able writings on Slavonic matters I have been largely guided, and Fr. S. Procházka, of Prague, whose kindly interest in my work has done much towards its completion, and to whose generosity I owe the two sets of drawings included in these pages. By their liberal encouragement, advice, and presents of books, they have both helped me greatly in the accomplishment of my task. To them this book is gratefully dedicated.

MARCH, 1912.

THE BOHEMIAN LANGUAGE

THE Bohemian or Czech language belongs, together with Polish, to the western group of the Slavonic languages, thus being closely akin to Russian, Servian, and the minor members of this branch of speech. It is spoken by nearly ten millions of people in Bohemia, Moravia, Austrian Silesia, and, in the slightly modified form of Slovak, in the northern districts of Hungary. In common with the other Slavonic languages, it displays a high degree of inflection. The nouns have seven cases, and the verbal structure displays a remarkable variety and intricacy. Bohemian forms derivatives and compounds with great ease, and is remarkably vigorous and expressive. As a rule, it employs far more purely native words than Polish, but some of the modern writers are beginning to introduce words of foreign origin to a greater extent.

Let it, therefore, not be supposed that Czech is a barbarous jargon. It is a noble, highly cultivated language, of whose kinship Russian may well be proud. Its facility for representing the finest shades of thought renders it peculiarly adapted to lyric poetry.

NOTE ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF BOHEMIAN
NAMES.

The chief Bohemian sounds which require notice
are :—

č = ch.

š = sh.

ž = French j as in jour.

ř = French rg as in berger (approx-
imately).

ě = ye.

c = ts. ch is a guttural sound as in
the Scottish "loch."

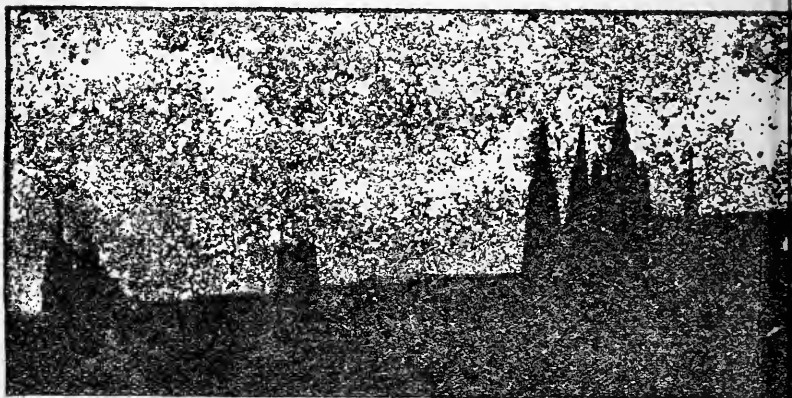
The acute accent over a vowel denotes length.
ů — long u. The letters "r" and "l" between
consonants form a syllable without any interven-
ing vowel. The name Vrchlický, for example, is
divided up thus :

Vrch-lic-ký.

The main accent falls in Bohemian on the first
syllable of a word.

MODERN BOHEMIAN POETRY

WHEN in the year 1832 Sir John Bowring issued his "Cheskian Anthology," modern Bohemian poetry was in its infancy. The language, which had long struggled for a mere precarious existence, had been overhauled and improved. For years it had been persistently ignored by the nobility of Bohemia—alien families whose authority dated from the Thirty Years' War. It had been banished to obscure rural districts, preserved in the mouths of illiterate peasants, and was in danger of extinction as a literary language, when, in the second half of the eighteenth century,



patriotic scholars revived their native tongue, which for so long had waged an unequal contest with German.

The poetical production of these men—Jungmann, Kollár, Šafařík—is largely represented in Sir John Bowring's book. But there is little token in their work of the splendid fruit their labours were to bear, fifty and a hundred years later. They were philologists and grammarians rather than poets, and most of their verses were more in the nature of academic exercises, intended to render the language more flexible and to widen its power of expression. Yet even here, especially in some of Kollár's patriotic sonnets, there are occasional signs of a freedom from conventional phraseology and a pleasing freshness which were



to be the characteristics of Czech poetry in its full bloom.

The history of Czech poetry in the nineteenth century is a history of progress. The aim of the earlier writers was to kindle the spark of patriotism in the hearts of the people, and the nature of their poetry was in accordance with this plan. There was, for example, an extensive revival of the folk-song. F. L. Čelakovský (1799-1852) issued his famous "Echoes of Czech Songs" and "Echoes of Russian Songs," both collections being skilful adaptations of old material. The "Garland" of K. J. Erben (1811-1870) contained ballad poetry written in a popular style. An extract from this collection is given in the present volume.

The Romantic Movement also was not without its effect on the new poetry. It found its chief representative in Karel Hynek Mácha (1810-1836), an admirer of Byron, and author of the lyric-epic poem "Máj." Amid the wave of patriotism this passed almost unnoticed, and it was not until after his death that Mácha was duly appreciated.

Meanwhile the political events of the fateful year 1848, and the reaction which followed, stemmed the tide of poetical development in Bohemia. For a time the rights of the language were diminished, and a period of stagnation set in. Fortunately, this was not of long duration. After an interval of about ten years, a new era was established. The poetical production of this period far surpassed the earlier revival both in quality and extent. It

was no longer confined to the promulgation of patriotic ideas. It was marked by a broadness of view and a profusion of fresh thought, which showed that the poetry of Bohemia was rapidly fitting itself for a place among the recognized literatures of Europe.

With this rise of Czech poetry are intimately associated the names of such men as V. Hálek (1835-1874), Svatopluk Čech (1846-1908), J. V. Sládek (1845), and Jan Neruda (1834-1901).

Hálek's "Songs of Evening" are full of a sentimental melancholy, which sometimes lapses almost into insipidity. A few extracts from these poems are given here, but it is scarcely fair to judge of Hálek by a translation. The fact is, the contents of his verse are almost too fragile to endure the ordeal of transformation into another language. What in the original is tender and sentimental appears almost grotesque and ridiculous when translated.

Svatopluk Čech is the author of numerous patriotic poems, by one of which, "Our Native Tongue," he is here represented.

J. V. Sládek, who lived for some time in America, is the author of the Czech version of Shakespeare's plays, and of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," besides translations from Tennyson, Byron, Polish and Swedish poets. Neruda, besides excelling as a poet, in his "Cosmic Songs" and "Simple Motives" became famous as a writer of short stories and sketches of Prague life. Čech was also a skilful story-writer.

Julius Zeyer (1841-1901) and Adolf Heyduk (1835) form a kind of transition between the old and the new generation. Zeyer travelled extensively, and his poetry is mainly epic in character. But he was by no means lacking in the lyric spirit, as the poem on page 128 shows.

Heyduk sought for and found inspiration in the Slovak regions of Northern Hungary. The influence of these journeys is seen in the "Gypsy Melodies" (see page 75).

The revival of the Czech nationality and the inroads made by the Czech language upon the German, tended to a limitation of intellectual development which would have boded ill for the Czechs, had these evils not been arrested before they had time to spread. The knowledge of German had meant a great deal to the Czechs. It was their link with general culture. Through the medium of German they became acquainted with the world's literature. By keeping aloof from German they were isolating themselves from their main source of enlightenment. Not until the Czech language offered them all, or nearly all, that the German had done, could they consider themselves justified in establishing an independent nationality. This great feat has been accomplished. To-day the Czechs possess all the best of the world's literature in their own language. And the man to whom they owe this great possession is Jaroslav Vrchlický. His real name is Emil Frida, but he adopted the more formidable pseudonym in his early years.

Vrchlický was born in 1853. After completing his studies at Prague University, he obtained a tutorship in an Italian aristocratic family. His residence in Italy had considerable influence on his poetic production. Upon his return he was engaged in educational and secretarial work, until in the year 1893 he was appointed professor of modern literature at Prague.

Merely to review Vrchlický's literary activity is a difficult task. His lyrical production, for example, is so extensive that two anthologies of his work have appeared, each containing over six hundred pages! He has published over forty volumes of lyric poetry, twenty dramas, together with imaginative and critical prose. Quite apart from all this original work, he has been an untiring translator. Indeed, his translations alone represent a good life's work. They include Goethe's "*Faust*" (both parts), Dante's works, Tasso, Ariosto, numerous poems of Victor Hugo, Schiller, Leopardi, Carducci, Spanish and English poets. His versions from Shelley, for example, are masterly. He has translated, amongst numerous other works, the "*Dziady*" of the Polish poet Mickiewicz, the "*Crown Pretenders*" of Ibsen, Rostand's "*Cyrano de Bergerac*," "*L'avare*" of Molière, the "*Lusiad*" of the Portuguese poet Camoens, and he has collaborated in versions from the Hungarian of Petöfi and Arany, from the Persian of Hafiz, and from the Chinese Shi-King. Dr. Josef Karásek says of him:—"Jaroslav Vrchlický is to-day the

most prolific and universal poet, both lyric and epic, with whom no contemporary writer can be compared. His poetical sphere knows no earthly bounds, his spirit traverses the whole history of mankind. He soars back into chaos, tarries in Indian lands, hastens over the rose-gardens of Persia to the land of beloved antiquity, penetrates into the mysteries and shadows of Bohemia's past. . . . His numerous collections of lyric poems, that went forth into the world under the most curious flags, contain the purest pearls of poetry. His fluency, his skill in the mastery of language, is extraordinary. Without hesitation he reproduces verses from a foreign language in his own. He bestowed upon Czech literature the greatest treasures of about ten nations, disclosed to his compatriots the sources of the finest poetry of Romance, Germanic and Slavonic literatures. Moreover, he reproduces foreign works in their own spirit, in the metres of the original."

This enormous activity could not fail to leave its stamp upon Czech literature. On the one hand Vrchlický's translations set the example to numerous other writers, with the result that the series entitled : "*Sborník Světové Poesie*," of which Vrchlický is editor, comprises the best poetry of all nations, translated by prominent authors. On all sides arises the desire to become acquainted with the productions of foreign nations. The firm of Otto, in Prague, publishes a *World Library* (each volume costs only twopence), a *Russian Library*,

an English Library (containing amongst others Czech versions of J. M. Barrie, H. G. Wells, F. Anstey, Rudyard Kipling, George Moore, Rider Haggard), and similar enterprises.

On the other hand Vrchlický's formal mastery of verse is of the utmost importance. He rendered the language still more flexible, employed all metres — sonnets, ballades, rondeaus, Persian ghazels — and prepared the way for the latest generation of Czech poets. It would be difficult to estimate the debt that they owe to him.

A reaction against Vrchlický and his school began in the nineties. It was instituted by those young writers who were strongly under the influence of hypermodern ideas, whose tendencies were towards foreign models—Maeterlinck, Wilde, Whitman, Nietzsche. Their poetry is marked by a certain artificiality, deadness, sometimes even by perversity. With this movement are associated such names as Jiří Karásek ze Lvovic, Viktor Dyk, Jan z Wojkowicz, Josef Holý, Stanislav K. Neumann, Otakar Theer. Neumann (b. 1875), one of whose volumes bears the title : "I am the apostle of a new life," represents the anarchistic, rebellious element in modern Czech poetry. Another dauntless polemist is Jan Svatopluk Machar (b. 1864), who occupies an official post at Vienna. He is the poet of realism, of biting social satire, the enemy of all hypocrisy and pseudo-patriotism. In his non-political lyrics, he is the poet of deep pessimism, to which the translations in this collection bear

ample testimony. The most noteworthy member of Machar's school of poetry is Petr Bezruč, whose personality appears to have been shrouded in a certain amount of mystery. Under this pseudonym—adopted by a postal official of Brünn in Moravia, where he was born in 1867—appeared in 1903 a volume of poems entitled "The Silesian Number," of which a revised and augmented edition was issued in 1909 under the title "Silesian Songs."

Among these poems are to be found verses whose poignancy and human appeal would be difficult to rival in the poetry of to-day. Perhaps the "Rowton House Rhymes" of Mr. W. A. Mackenzie or some of John Davidson's poems strike a similar note. Bezruč deals with the miners in Austrian Silesia, the Czechs who are in danger of losing their nationality, whose language is despised and penalised. In dealing with these specifically localised social conditions, Bezruč tends to become a mere local poet, and many of his poems, indeed, suffer under this disadvantage. Without a commentary their meaning is obscure to the foreign reader. In many of them he employs local dialect and expressions—a kind of Polish-Czech jargon spoken in the districts of which he writes. But certain of his poems are universal in their appeal to humanity,—*"Ostrava," "Thou and I,"* and *"Who will take my place?"* all of which are quoted here. In the poem *"I,"* he flings a gauntlet in the face of the ruling classes. His ballads hint at rather than actually describe an event, but

they are remarkably effective. Interesting, too, are his poems inscribed with the names of places, wherein by a few deft strokes he gives the characteristics of a particular race. Thus, for instance, in the poem "Kyjov" (see page 36) he deals with the Slovaks of Northern Hungary.

The most noteworthy of modern Czech lyrists are Otakar Březina (b. 1868) and Antonín Sova (b. 1864). The poetry of Březina defies all description. It sweeps along, laden with mystic visions of the cosmos, heavy with a wealth of splendid imagery, yet filmy and intangible in its symbolistic suggestiveness.

Through Březina's amazing array of words the reader perceives but dimly, as through a veil of mist, the underlying significance of the symbols and emblems which the poet has chosen to express his meaning. Often in a kind of ecstasy he discards rhyme and fixed metre, and revels in a flood of magnificent verbiage, a very riot of mystic poetical prose. It is interesting to note that Březina, whose real name is Václav Jebavý, is a school-teacher in Moravia.

Sova's mysticism is neither as intense nor as sustained as that of Březina, but his poetical horizon is far wider. Its width is best gauged by the comparison of two such poems as "The Yellow Flowers" and "Alder Trees" (pages 109 and 111).

Sova is, indeed, one of the best of the Czech nature poets. His volume "From My Country" contains in verse-form charming little pastels from the district of Tabor.

In common with other Czech poets—Neumann is an illuminative example—Březina and Sova have attained to a free and optimistic outlook on life after a somewhat complex poetical development. Their early poems display an uncertainty, a groping hesitance, with a tendency to insincere pessimism, derived rather from the study of books than from contact with life. But gradually the mask of unreality is laid aside, the affected cynicism is discarded, and life has become for these poets something tangible, something that inspires hope and happiness.

In the midst of all these cross-currents of tendencies and poetical movements, there are a number of poets who still remain true to the old poetical traditions, and whose work commands respect. Foremost among these is Fr. S. Procházka (b. 1861), a poet of strong patriotic tendencies, a skilful imitator of the folk-song, a writer of descriptive verse, marked by clearness, fluency, and an occasional touch of humour. His most famous collection is the volume "*Songs of the Hradchin*," a series of poems based on historical and patriotic motives; their popularity was so great that they passed through several editions in a few months. He has also edited the "*Česká Lyra*," an excellent anthology of modern Czech verse. His qualities as a descriptive poet are seen in such a poem as "*Moravian Landscape*" (page 104). His poem "*The Ore Mountains*" gives an example of his patriotic verse (page 105).

The poems of Fr. Kvapil (b. 1855), though not marked by striking originality, show a delicate sense of form and rhythm, and a deep love for nature. He has translated numerous lyrics from the Polish poet Asnyk, and the "Ungodly Comedy" of Krasinski. The version on page 92 aims at reproducing his poetical qualities.

Another poet who works on similar lines is Ant. Klášterský (b. 1866), the author of a collection of translations from modern American poets. He handles the ballad form with some skill, as in the poem "The Cloister Garden" (page 82). This type of love-poetry, in which the amorous element is evolved from, and harmonises with, external surroundings, seems characteristic of the Czech poets. A similar motive is seen in the poem by E. Lešetický z Lešehradu (b. 1877) quoted on page 95. Here the night, with its atmosphere of gentleness and restraint, is in admirable harmony with the tender and wistful mood of the lover. In the poem "June," by the same author (page 96), a close and sultry atmosphere is made to correspond with a passion, mentioned only in the last four lines of the poem, but in words of fervid and almost frenzied energy.

Fr. X. Svoboda (b. 1860) represents yet a different type of poetry, exemplified by the "Song" quoted on page 114.

It is not possible here to deal with all the Czech poets of to-day, nor even to speak of them by name. In the before-mentioned anthology "Česká

Lyra," over 150 poets are represented, of whom the majority are still alive. Many of these are quite young, some even in their early twenties, but their verse is already marked by a vigour and sense of melody which augur well for the future. Numerous examples of their work will be found among these translations.

The greatest Czech poetess is Eliška Krásnohorská (b. 1847), a fervent lover of her native country. Patriotism is the key-note of her poetry. She has shown her sympathy with the Slavonic cause in a practical manner by learning Russian and Polish, and producing admirable translations of Puschkin's poems and of the "Master Thaddeus" of Mickiewicz. She has also translated Byron's "Childe Harold."

Other women verse-writers are Irma Geisslová (b. 1855), Pavla Maternová (b. 1858), and Růžena Jesenská (b. 1863), whose poems are filled with a curious wistful mysticism.

Such is, in its broadest outlines, the Czech poetry of recent years. It is the poetry of a nation that has been labouring under a heavy yoke, but whose bonds have at length been shattered. And in its verse is heard the exultant cry of freedom, the vigorous utterance of young and lusty spirits. The poetry of the Czechs has won for itself a place among the poetry of more favoured nations, whose languages are widely spoken and who are able to look back upon a glorious literary past.

INDEX AND LIST OF SOURCES

THE bulk of the pieces in this collection were translated from the two following anthologies :—

A. Česká Lyra, ed. by Fr. S. Procházka ; Prague, 1910. B. Nová Česká Poesie, ed. by Dr. Arne Novák ; Prague, 1907.

	PAGE
Otakar Auředníček—	
My Deity (A., p. 71).	27
Karel Babánek—	
I go, nor know whither (Písně tuláka. A., p. 87).	28
Petr Bezruč—	
Ostrava (Slezské Písně. A., p. 350 ; B., p. 14).	29
Thou and I (Slezské Písně).	30
I (III.) (Slezské Písně. B., p. 15).	31
Who will take my place ? (Slezské Písně. B., p. 15).	33
Moravian Village (Slezské Písně).	35
Kyjov (Slezské Písně).	36
Peterswald (Slezské Písně).	37
Jaromír Borecký—	
To a New Morning (Básníkův kancionál. A., p. 75).	38
Otakar Březina—	
My Mother (Tajemné dálky).	38
Nature (Větry od pólů. A., p. 255).	41

22 MODERN BOHEMIAN POETRY

	PAGE
The Body (Stavitelé chrámu. B., p. 53).	42
The Woe of Man (Ruce).	44
Thus sang the Waters (Ruce).	45
Thus sang the Burning Stars (Ruce).	48
Dithyramb of the Worlds (Ruce).	49
Pure Morning (Ruce).	52
Women (Ruce. A., p. 83; B., p. 59).	53
Responses (Ruce).	55
The Spring Night (Ruce. A., p. 256).	57
Arn. Czech z Czechenherzů—	
The Return (A., p. 407).	58
Svatopluk Čech—	
Our Native Tongue (Nové Písně. A., p. 163).	58
Karel Červinka—	
Yearning in Early Spring (Slunce v mlhách. B., p. 66).	60
Karel Dostál-Lutinov—	
The Swans (Potulný zpěvak. A., p. 85).	61
Xaver Dvořak—	
Astray (Nový Život. A., p. 61).	62
Karel Jaromír Erben—	
The Willow (Kytice).	64
Irma Geisslová—	
Song (A., p. 220).	70
Vítěslav Hálek—	
Songs of Evening, II., III., IV., XI., XIII., XXI., XXIV., LVI. and LXIV. (Večerní Písně).	70

Adolf Heyduk—	PAGE
From "New Gypsy Melodies" (Nové cigánské melodie. A., p. 13).	75
Josef Holý—	
Upon the Waves (A., p. 93).	77
From the World Beyond (B., p. 132).	77
Hanuš Jelínek—	
The Song of the Heavens, the Stars, Schumann and My Wife (A., p. 89).	78
Růžena Jesenská—	
By the Ocean (V pozdní chvíli. A., p. 238).	79
Beneath the Mountains (V pozdní chvíli. A., p. 239).	80
Bohdan Kaminský—	
Ritournelles (Muži a ženy. A., p. 55).	81
Ant. Klášterský—	
The Cloister Garden (Nové básně. A., p. 63).	82
Jan Kollár—	
The Daughter of Sláva. Prelude (Slávy dcera. Předzpěv).	83
Eliška Krásnohorská—	
And far away the azure peaks. Song.	91
Fr. Kvapil—	
Spring Song (Když kvetly máky. A., p. 55).	92
Jiří Karásek ze Lvovic—	
Tuberoses (Hovory se smrtí. B., p. 155).	93
The Burden of Eternity (Endymion).	94

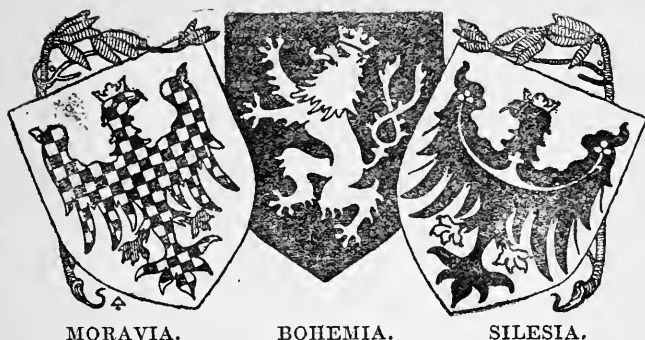
24 MODERN BOHEMIAN POETRY

Emanuel Lešetický z Lešehradu—	PAGE
Blue Evening (Kydž kvetou růže. A., p. 265).	95
June (Kantileny Snů a Vůní Jara. A., p. 264).	96
Jan Svatopluk Machar—	
Song in Autumn (Třetí Kniha Lyriky).	96
Autumn Causerie IV. (Třetí Kniha Lyriky).	97
Summer Causerie III. (Třetí Kniha Lyriky).	98
Josef Müldner—	
Ocean Foreboding (Stroskotání. B., p. 197).	98
Jan Neruda—	
To My Mother, VI. (Knihy veršů).	99
Stanislav Karel Neumann—	
When years have passed I still shall bewail thee (Apostrofy hrdé a vášnivé. B., p. 209).	100
Jan Opolský—	
Twilight Yearning (Svět smutných. B., p. 225).	101
Fr. S. Procházka—	
Blade of Grass (Nejnovější písničky. A., p. 423).	102
The Yellow Flower (Hradčanské písničky. A., p. 184).	103
Moravian Landscape (Vinobraní).	104
The Ore Mountains (Vinobraní).	105

Karel V. Rais—	PAGE
Winter Evening (A., p. 222).	106
Fr. Sekanina—	
Prelude (Lyrické Intermezzo. A., p. 93).	107
Karel Šelepa—	
Music (Večery Dušc. A., p. 272).	108
Jos. Václ. Sládek—	
Ah, he who forgets (Směska. A., p. 26).	108
Antonín Sova—	
Alder Trees (Z mého kraje).	109
Song (Vybouřené Smutky. B., p. 239).	110
The Yellow Flowers (Vybouřené Smutky. B., p. 250).	111
Reverie (Vybouřené Smutky. B., p. 251).	112
The Eagles of Discontent (Dobrod- ružství odvahy. B., p. 265).	112
The Springs of Hope (Lyrika lásky a života).	113
Frant. Xav. Svoboda—	
Song (V našem vzduchu. A., p. 388).	114
Otakar Theer—	
The Spring Equinox (Výpravy k já. A., p. 263).	115
Karel Toman—	
Song (Melancholická pout'. B., p. 295).	116

26 *MODERN BOHEMIAN POETRY*

Jaroslav Vrchlický—	PAGE
After the Rain.	116
Eclogue (Eklogy a písně).	117
Spring Song (Poutí k Eldoradu).	118
Melancholy Serenade, XXII. (Hudba v duši).	119
Melancholy Serenade, V. (Hudba v duši).	119
The Graveyard in the Song (Hudba v duši).	120
Stairs (Breviř moderního člověka).	121
The Autumn has come (Hořká jádra).	122
Quido Maria Vyskočil—	
Two Treasures (Na osení zlatý pluh. A., p. 354).	124
Adolf Wenig—	
The Coming of Evening (Zahrada srdce. A., p. 271).	125
Karel de Wetter—	
Nocturne (from the "Zvon." A., p. 270).	126
Jan z Wojkowicz—	
Fragment (Poesie. B., p. 299).	127
Julius Zeyer—	
In Spring (Nové básně. A., p. 222).	128



Otakar Auředníček (b. 1868).

MY DEITY

(To Sessan.)

I would before thy bosom's shrine sink low,
Quaff from thy mouth the cup of blissful wine,
Bear to my lips thine offering divine ;
Thine eyes are as my lamp's eternal glow.

Amid thy beauty's temple I would fare,
The incense fragrance 'mid thy breath abides ;
Like night, that all in starry splendour hides,
Let fall on me thy dark, luxuriant hair.

Thy body where in passion I lament,
That shields the mighty godhead of thy soul,
A temple, marble, white, doth seem to me.

28 *MODERN BOHEMIAN POETRY*

Like a fanatic I my head have bent
Upon thy lap, distraught with love's wild dole,
For thee, my yearning, thee, my deity !

“ THE SINGING SWANS ” (1891).

Karel Babánek (b. 1872).

I GO, NOR KNOW WHITHER

I go, nor know whither, and o'er the world stray,
And I know not the place where my footsteps I
 stay.

I go like a leaf, from its resting-place torn,
That afar on the tempest of autumn is borne.

I go, nor know whither, no comrade have I,
But I ask not the way, without heaving a sigh.

I, vagabond, king, o'er the world wander free,
In the train of my yearning I ever shall flee.

In the train of my yearning, each day as it goes,
Till slumber eternal shall bring me repose.

“ SONGS OF A VAGABOND ” (1902).

Petr Bezruč (b. 1867).

OSTRAVA

A hundred years in silence I dwelt in the pit,
A hundred years I delved for coal in the ground,
And after a hundred years my sinews were knit,
As if my fleshless arms by iron were bound.

The dust of the coal has settled upon my eyes,
And on my lips the coal is clustered around,
And on my hair and my beard and my brows there
lies
The coal that like icicles hangs to the ground.

Bread with coal is the fruit that my toiling bore,
From labour to labour I go ;
Palaces tower aloft by the Danube's shore,
From my blood and my sweat they grow.

For a hundred years in the mine my murmurs I
quelled ;
Who will requite me those hundred years I have
borne ?
And when I threatened them with the hammer I
held,
I heard the voice of one who laughed me to scorn.

I should find my senses and go to the mine once
more,
And as of old for my masters I should toil ;

I raised the hammer on high—in a trice the gore
Was flowing on Polish Ostrava's soil !

All ye that are in Silesia, all ye I say,
Whether Peter your name be or Paul,
The steel-wrought armour upon your breast ye
must lay,
And thousands to battle must call.

All ye that are in Silesia, all ye I say,
Ye who over the depths your mastery wield,
From below come flame and smoke ; and there
comes a day,
There comes a day when a reckoning ye shall
yield !

“ SONGS OF SILESIA ” (1911).

THOU AND I

Get thee hence from my way :
Black are my hands and damp is the raiment I
wear,
I am but a miner and thou art my master to-day ;
Thine is the palace, a hovel of wood is my lair,
My Phrygian cap o'er my forehead a shadow doth
throw.
But not unto me do the pleading orphans lament,
They are robbed by thy ravening hares of the
fruits of the soil,

Thou art heartless and shameless—by lightning
 mayst thou be rent.
From the Beskyds am I, and a son of serfdom and
 woe,
I toil in thy forges and down in thy mine I toil ;
Gall seethes in my veins and yet I toil for thee
 still,
I seize on thy wood by the side of the foaming rill.
I am black, I am poor, and the sweat on my fore-
 head appears,
But no children because of my deeds in the Beskyds
 shed tears ;
I oppressed no widows nor seized on their land
 with might,
So I am a beggar, and thou art my master to-day.
Hast thou come to the mountains ? O get thee
 gone from my sight ;
I wear a Phrygian cap—get thee hence from my
 way.

“ SONGS OF SILESIA ” (1911).

I (III.)

I am the first who arose of the people of Teschen,
The first Beskydian bard who uttered his strains ;
They follow the stranger's plough, the slaves fare
 downwards,
Naught but milk and water flows in their veins.

Each of them has a God in the heaven above them,
A second, a greater one, here on the earth holds
 sway ;
To the one above they pay in the church their
 tribute,
And unto the second with tribute and blood they
 pay.

He, He Who is up on high gives bread that we
 die not,
To the fish He gave streams, for the butterfly
 blossoms has shed ;
Thou, thou who wert bred and born on the Beskyd
 mountains,
On thee He bestowed the world that 'neath Lyssa
 is spread.
He gave thee the mountains, and gave unto thee
 the forests,
The scents, that out of the meadows already sweep ;
With one swoop the second has taken everything
 from you—
Hasten to Him Who is there in the church, and
 weep.

My son from the Beskyds, reverence God and thy
 masters,
Fair is the fruit that then shall be reckoned as
 thine ;
Out of thy forests the guardian angels have cast
 thee,
Unto them thou so meekly thyself dost incline.

“Thou thief from Krásná! Is this the wood thou
possessest?

Cast thyself down, and the earth in humility kiss,
Out of the woods of thy lords and away to
Friedek!”

Thou Who art up on high, what say'st Thou to
this?

Thine evil speaking offends thy masters,
Thy guardian angels it doth offend;
Cast it off, for this will better avail thee,
On thy son will the penalty first descend

Thus 'twas done. The Lord wills it. Night sank
o'er my people,
Our doom was sealed when the night had passed;
In that night I prayed to the Demon of Vengeance,
The first Beskydian bard and the last.

“SONGS OF SILESIA” (1911).

WHO WILL TAKE MY PLACE?

So scant is my blood, and now from my mouth
It flows.

When there grows
Above me the grass, when my body decays,
Who in my stead,
Who will my scutcheon upraise?

Night gazed from my eyes, and the flame from my
 nostrils trailed ;
I stood, in the smoke of the Witkowitz furnaces
 veiled,
And whether the sun was aglow or the evening
 was falling fast,
I with a frown on my brow my gaze on the mur-
 derers cast ;
They were the wealthy Jews and the counts of a
 high-born line,
A gloomy-faced miner was I, as I sprang from
 below in the mine.
And though on their temples a diadem scattered
 its rays,
Each of them flinched as he met my gaze,
My clenched fist, and my stubborn scorn,
The wrath of the miner who up on the Beskyds
 was born.
So scant is my blood, and now from my mouth
It flows.
When there grows
Above me the grass, when my body decays,
Who will relieve me on guard ?
Who will my scutcheon upraise ?

“ SONGS OF SILESIA ” (1911).

MORAVIAN VILLAGE

The huts like white-plumed birds in bevvies stud
The slope. The breeze with gentle breath scarce
 blows,
And sluggish as Moravian blood
The streamlet flows.

Upon their farms the peasants abide in content,
Somewhere away in Vienna the good emp'ror's life
 is spent ;
Germans beneath the mountains and Jews in the
 cities throng.

In the black fields like a streak of pitch the rape-
 seed is laid,
And in the meadow there delves a flaxen-haired
 maid ;
She knows that a bridegroom will come to fetch
 her ere long.

The lad of Moravia casts on his labour his gaze,
'Midst his toiling he scarce for the maid heaves a
 sigh ;
He knows that ere long a wife to the threshold
 will hie,
And the marriage-feast will continue three nights
 and three days.

The burly peasant, ruddy and tanned,
On the townsfolk looks down with a touch of pride ;

None may hound him away from his land,
But,
But betwixt here and the Beskyds the gulf is wide.

“ SONGS OF SILESIA ” (1911).

KYJOV

Ho, ye slender youths in your top-boots clad,
Ho, maidens in crimson array—
In Kyjov a joyful life ye have had,
In Kyjov 'twill ever be gay.

E'en as from fragrant vines it flows,
E'en as ye, O my verses, are streaming,
The fiery blood of the Slovaks glows,
Lips burn and eyes are gleaming.

Who will smite us, or who will afflict us with ill ?
For unto no master we bend ;
And as blithe as we live and we drink our fill,
As blithe we will go to our end.

“ SONGS OF SILESIA ” (1911).

PETERSWALD

From Poremba, Dombrovsky Petr did fare,
Before him his little girl sped.
One rode forth from Peterswald; whose stood
there
Each moment bowed low his head.

Lo, the black steeds, hear the hoofs clatter hard,
Bright gleams the bridle of gold;
Half a pace forward, and God be thy guard,
Or the maid he will have in his hold.

Dombrovsky sprang to the maiden and paled,
In his arms he clasped her amain;
The master's whip deep on his countenance trailed:
Petr, why wilt thou take her again?

Away, for in Freistadt her lot would be woe,
Away, and be timid and shrinking!
A channel of blood in thy soul is aglow,
Dombrovsky, cease thou thy drinking.

An hour is approaching, as day, a great day,
By flames the horizon is riven;
Stop the steeds! From his carriage, deuce, drag
him away!
Pay, Dombrovsky, what thou wert given!

"SONGS OF SILESIA" (1911).

Jaromír Borecký (b. 1869).

TO A NEW MORNING

I know not what 'twas o'er me stole,
As if the ice were rent apart,
That for a long-drawn span of dole
In chains had fettered fast my heart.

Once more I feel exultant powers,
E'en as the lark on high doth soar,
Or like the blue-bell 'mid the flowers,
When that the mead is decked once more.

The hawthorn whispers from its spray,
The torrent from the clump of firs,
That once again has dawned my day,
Or—love once more my being stirs.

“THE PSALTER OF POETS” (1905).

Otakar Březina (b. 1868).

MY MOTHER

Thro' life my mother, as in sad atonement, paced,
Of fragrances, hues, blossoms, light, her day was
bare ;
Dry is the fruit of life, and hath an ashen taste,
That, unrefreshed, she from the tree of time did
tear.

The biting dust of need her beauteous face assailed,
 Into her eyes it gnawed and quenched in tears
 its heat ;
In drifts like to the sand-storm on her path it
 trailed,
 Arched for her faintness in its billows a retreat.

Beneath the load of gloomy years her back she
 bent,
 The scorching heat of toil upon her freshness
 preyed,
On death she placed her kiss ; by grievous anguish
 rent,
 Smiling, with whispered words of thanks she
 answer made.

On marble dank of churches she knelt down
 adream,
 Amid the grave-yard taper scent, before the
 shrine ;
She poured a shower of fragrant comforts in a
 stream
 Within the chalice of her soul, as dew-drops
 shine.

O mother mine, to-day in lustre all aflame,
 Thou golden arrow, to the focus that did fly
Of secrets ne'er at rest ! The cadence of thy name
 Upon our waves ceased quailing, but I know
 thee nigh !

I am the blossom of thy blood, grown chill and
dead,

That budded from the moisture of thine eyes,
and grew,

Upon my lips thy life's sharp savour thou didst
shed,

And from thy childhood sadness to my soul
withdrew.

And when 'mid nightly calm, green midnight
shimmers clear,

Thou risest from the grave, and with my couch
art blent,

And in my breath, the rhythm of thy breath I
hear,

And quickened by my voice's wave, thou dost
lament.

Into my veins the warmth is from thy frame
delivered,

'The gloomy lustre of thine eyes in mine is
poured ;

The mystic heat of faith, 'neath which thy spirit
quivered,

Into my soul in glowing, blood-red fire has
soared.

And mine is now the gloomy path where once
thou paced,

Of fragrances, hues, blossoms, light, my day is
bare ;

Dry is the fruit of life, and hath an ashen taste,
That 'mid thy shade's breath from the tree of
Time I tear.

“ THE MYSTIC DISTANCES ” (1895)

NATURE

Hidden springs were playing music and my day
its song thereto was chanting,
On the melancholy shores.

The grief of bygone life, from whence I came was
wafted to me from the fragrance,
And from the converse of the trees and from the
heavy drone of insects o'er the waters,
And there lay whole centuries, betwixt my hands,
that blossoms plucked, and them
Betwixt my countenance and a mystic world,
That in a thousand questioning glances in my
spirit mutely gazed.

The clouds grew dim as sank the sun, and of the
winds my spirit asked,
Are the clouds approaching hither, or are they
departing hence ?
The winds were mute, in a submissive mirror on
themselves the waters looked,
And the stars, like waning fires in frigid waves of
gleaming oceans,
Seethed and murmured over me, invisible :

✓
Their light is dying only at the advent of a light
 still greater,
Of a light still greater, greater.

“ THE WINDS FROM THE POLES ”
 (1897).

THE BODY

Tell unto me, O my soul (from afar thou art come
 again),
What hast thou met and beheld and lost upon
 earth's domain ?
From the depths the music resounded, the snowing
 of icy stars,
 Ethereal lips in quivering play :
 Mornings and noon-tides and flowers in array.

My mornings have strayed in a mystic field,
Upon paths where the early daisies grew.
In the grass the moments like dew their sparkle
 revealed,
Each stem was aquiver as tho' mysterious birds
 from it flew :
And as if in the sun the most precious incense were
 being burned,
An azure mist o'er the rest of the worlds and
 fragrance o'er us it did strew.

From salty lakes the noon-tides approached ; the
 vault of the sky with its gleaming
 On all that had died, the knell of their summer-
 days was sounding ;
 Their shimmering pinions o'er all the sky to the
 zenith streaming
 Above us were bounding.
 Whither their shadows took refuge the eyes were
 in weariness closed,
 The blood like the shaft of a furnace its glitter
 o'er purest of visions did throw
 A torturing heat in the midst of eternity's rapture,
 The heavenly city aglow.

Blossoms I saw, and their chalices blooming to-
 wards the sun they did hold,
 Like maidens their lamps, poured full with oils of
 gold ;
 And in the lamps the fires flickered, grew dark and
 aflame in the wind,
 On the secret path of pleasure entwined.

Tell unto me, O my soul, whither thy mornings
 have roamed,
 And whither have flown thy noon-tide hours,
 And faded away like the richness of flowers ?
 My mornings before me their blossoms have laid,
 In roses that never can fade ;
 To their nest in the sun have flown my noon-tide
 hours,
 With the sun they have gone to rest,

And my blossoms within the questioning gaze of
my eyes
Have died of a mystic pest.

“ THE TEMPLE BUILDERS ” (1899).

WOE OF MAN

We, 'neath the spell of a hostile power are by
faintness assailed,
Its evil relentless face in the eyes of the sun is
aglow ;
The instrument of thy labour was cast from our
hands as they quailed,
On a boulder amid the quarries we sat us down
in our woe.

We wiped the sweat from our brows, with Death
we were speaking. Amid
A motionless heaven aglow, 'mid ironical glinting
of ore,
And e'en as a child lays its head in its mother's
lap, so we hid
Our weary thoughts in creation's grief that
endures evermore.

And then in our own magic power, the mystery
of our birth,
In the guerdon of our renown that is hidden,
our sorrows we found ;

Princes, who in a conquering ruler's gold bearing
earth,

Were fettered fast and by guards invisible com-
passed around.

When they think of their cities that over the lakes
have grown,

Of the stars in the mystical light of dusk of
their native sky,

And in their captivity's calm, of bells with a
thousand-fold tone,

And of trusty multitudes, who at a crowning
exultingly cry.

“THE HANDS” (1901).

THUS SANG THE WATERS

Betwixt two fires, the sun and the earth, 'neath
a spell thro' the ages we wander,

From the thirsting roots of life to ethereal stems
we have mounted,

To the splendour of flowers, that were clutched by
the spasm of grievous desires,

Thro' currents of nummulite oceans, thro' gloom
of diluvial forests,

Thro' kingdoms of bygone creation gigantic,

Thro' caverns, where man, the mystical brother of
beasts, the releaser of earth of the future,

Stilled within us the fire of his blood, beset with a
 curse,
Glowing eternally, ne'er to be quenched.

In stars of the morning dew, upon fields of battle
 we quivered,
In torrents of tears we fierily flowed over places
 of judgment,
To the quickening rhythms of life we sang within
 cities of marble,
'Neath the triumphal bridges, and 'mid beating of
 waves in the oceans,
With ironical pathos we thundered the epic of
 earths
Buried 'mid thousands of years In the glowing
 ferments of fire
We seethed to the cloud-concealed mountains'
 ethereal glaciers,
O'er the hidden lair of the golden sun at his setting,
Like airy mirages, recoiling on distant paths of the
 cosmos
From a mighty world, more resplendent.
The rainbow have we conjured in waterfalls' weep-
 ing, and under the starry mirrors of ocean
We hid the eternal war of our numberless creatures,
Mute and relentless, with flashes agleam in the
 murky depths.
Like to the luring orbs of serpents we glinted o'er
 treacherous whirlpools,
In scaly rivers, but like to the graveyards of thou-
 sands of graves,

In grief-ridden bays we poured like forgetfulness.
And with words of a prayer of blessing we mur-
mured with fervour
O'er a magical seething of balm-laden springs of
thousand-fold aspect.

Before the despairer's eyes our tender billows we
opened,
Like numberless lips, in a frenzy eternally moving,
Rendered mute by the blow of a sudden conception
abounding in horror.
But the conquerors from their heights our hidden
secrets are reading,
From the silvery chart, that blazes to them from the
depths, like to lines on the hand of the night,
And as on the coin, the inscription's glittering
impress, proclaiming the value,
The joyful secrets of life speak unto them out of
our thousand paths,
That from all the mountainous summits are into
one sea poured forth,
And from the multiple strains of our springs, our
currents and oceans,
They hear a single beneficent power resounding,
That in changes unnumbered seeks the true face of
the earth.

And lo ! 'neath their gaze the shattered striving
of millions of hands
Grows rigid in one gigantic spirit-like hand that
is clasping the earth,

That with a sculptor's splendid and tragical gesture,
Kneading the sphere of his tractable clay,
Transforms the secret of things in accord with his
 vision's splendour,
In the torturing pang of creation,
Ever void of content.

“THE HANDS.”

THUS SANG THE BURNING STARS

Each second that passes, ever within our places
In the mystic dance of the worlds
We revolve in the cosmos.
In the lustrous spheres of spirits we burn with a
 living
Beauty.
Around our heads,
In aureoles
Golden tresses are sparkling,
Extended like resonant lassos
In the flight of the whirlwind.

Into our faces glowing in ecstasy,
The ages breathe coldly
And faint from the joy of our flight,
By the sheen of a grievous pleasure o'erpowered,
With a cry that unendingly soars,
Harmony-laden, exulting,
We sink, in our mystical dancing,
And in our blood, as if buried in roses,
We perish.

Sisters shall rise in our places,
 White-shimmering,
 And in the song that the twilight eternally wafted,
 In billows ever increasing,
 Into spaces afresh and afresh they advance.
 In a nebulous dust that arises,
 The mystery's gleaming advance-guard.

“THE HANDS.”

DITHYRAMB OF THE WORLDS

The shimmering birth and the quenching
 Of a million suns
 'Mid the darkness of centuries flaking
 In long and in speedy flashes,
 Like to the lights that are mirrored
 On the blade of a grafter's knife,
 At every feverish move of the hand
 Of the master.

Worlds that are following one on the other amid
 the mystery of time,
 The mighty spring-tides of tropics eternal!
 Carpet of mystical stairs!
 Youth-bringing pulsings of blood!
 Returning afresh and afresh,
 Ever more spirit-like raging,
 Whirlwind of passions!

50 *MODERN BOHEMIAN POETRY*

Wingèd seeds that fly for a thousand years,
Budding and girt round by fire !
Bliss of the half-closed hand, scattering seed !
Sprinkling of glowing grain across the abyss of the
 cosmos,
The milky ways !

The azure of numberless earths, glinting like spring-
 tide forget-me-nots
On the shores of a river ecstatic,
That flies in the outstretched embrace
Of thine ocean !
A simmering seething from arctic heights,
The shattered ice with itself transporting,
The crystalline fleet
Of worlds that are dead !
Gulf-streams of love !

The Word's sacred harvests !
From the fountain of all the grain
A current of corn-ears !
O'er every place where it fell,
Even within the remotest,
A thousand Julys in the fire !

Spirit-like worlds !
Gardens that float, all a-frenzy with birds,
Dream-ridden earths !
Growths that are sparkling with roses aglow,

Jutting from quickening suns !
Worlds that are kindling,
Worlds that are quenching
Whirlpools of justice !

And all the suns
Round the eternal sun are revolving,
Ne'er to be seen,
The glittering, tarrying grave,
The mystery of the new cosmos
Concealing,
In silence !

On lips that with love are aquiver,
As in a wind that is fragrant,
Mighty and quickening,
Over the oceans
Your song is resounding, O mistress,
Unto the new-born.

Slumber-song of the millions,
Thro' all the universe quivering,
Amid whose rhythmical cadence
Worlds in their sorrow are swaying,
Cradles of spirits.

“ THE HANDS.”

PURE MORNING

When we at morn to the gardens, from many
dreams weary, came,
All the earth, like our souls, we beheld abloom in
the flame,
And of winds, and waters, and plants, and the
birds and the bees we would know,
In the night that is o'er, thro' our garden what
mystical being did go ?

The sand played, changed into gold, where the
sacred footprints were left,
The balm-laden waters murmured, as tho' they by
angels were cleft ;
Each breath had life's potence, as tho' for a hun-
dred glowing days,
And the awe of the newly-born was seen in every
gaze.

The load of our grievous secrets, as tho' 'twere thy
will we have borne,
A missive in humbleness kissed, ere the seal
asunder is torn ;
And the enemy who is lurking asleep at our every
gate,
Was like to thy wearied envoy whom we with a
welcome await.

In solitudes havoc-ridden, on paths where the
demons tread,
Our yearnings' delicate garden blooms e'en as a
lily-bed ;
And they whose ardour was greatest, the most
well-liking and sweet
Of women, in gleaming array, we as spotless sisters
did greet.

“ THE HANDS.”

WOMEN

What sings evening o'er the kingdoms, over towns
and seed-strewn ground,
O'er the paths in mystery shrouded, o'er the dusk
when dew's abound ?
Whose the hands in Western gardens, when 'neath
heaven their glow they pour,
Pluck you roses as in welcome when a thousand
years are o'er.

When ye come, from toiling weary, when love's
day has reached its end,
Black earth's breath, like the foreboding of the
future doth ascend,
And the mighty towns of brothers on the golden
sky-line tower,
A dream of metals, gleaming gardens, living
rhythms, marble power.

54 *MODERN BOHEMIAN POETRY*

And in suns that far off vanish, and are quenched
 and once more beam,
White extended hands of women like a lustre are
 agleam,
And from age to age they lure you, from before
 your gaze disperse,
With their beauty's silent gesture, they like fate,
 unknown, converse.

Potent, lustrous hands, our longing whither do ye
 bear away ?
Into what awakened gardens, that bewitched for
 ages lay ?
Into what calm places, where, 'mid grief of mighty
 pomp awakes
Melody of polar birds above the melancholy lakes.

Clouds of thoughts like islands rise aloft within the
 sea of light,
All bedecked with phosphorescent vegetation lunar-
 bright,
And the tremor of our hearts is on the shores the
 wafted strains,
Ere the anchored vessels cast aside their silver
 mooring-chains.

Faces, steeped in love, o'er ocean to the silent
 country flow,
Where a range of spirit worlds like flaming fires
 tower up and glow,

And like branches that together are entwined, the
boundless skies
Quiver in the morning beams that from the cosmic
forest rise.

“THE HANDS.”

RESPONSES

With a curse we are laden, and 'mid our longing's
loftiest flight,
By the burden of earth we are thrall'd, and steeped
in our blood's dim night.

“Ye are mighty and know not death, and your
souls where mysteries throng,
Bear in them suns and spring-tides, and vintages
endless long.”

In the silence of cosmos, the focus of stars that
blood-red wane,
Lonely we tarry, as tho' 'mid the watch-fires of
foes in a chain.

“By the armour of heavily-armed ye are burdened,
and into the strife,
Ye are chosen that ye may give freedom to all on
the earth that have life.”

We strive on the shattered bosom of him who is
 vanquished to kneel,
But we love not, we love not, and e'en when love
 we are yearning to feel.

“Ye are hard with the hardness of fruit not
 ripened, and scorched by the blaze
Of a mystical summer, ye ripen, your brothers'
 embraces to praise.”

Joy is the sun in a dream beheld ; at awakening
 quenched,
Grief has a thousand eyes, and ne'er has it utterly
 blenched.

“With millions are ye by a mystical brotherly
 bond girt round,
And only in joy of the millions can joy that is
 yours be found.”

On a mighty furrow of fragrance to floating islands
 we steer,
We float and the islands are floating, and ne'er to
 them do we draw near.

“Ye are shrouded around with a veil of deceit by
 your kingly eyes,
In the lustre that blooms in your souls do the
 islands before you arise.”

“THE HANDS.”

THE SPRING NIGHT

The night sang softly, and the sound of early grass
and spring-tide rains
In harmony was blended with her melancholy
strains ;
On high, the stars, bright chalices unbounded,
Breathed the heavy scent of plants, that grow upon
no earthly soil,
And my brothers' hands, as if in death, lay crossed
upon their breast,
Lay in silence and delusion, e'en as they were
stone-oppressed,
Asunder cleft by toil.

But their spirit hands unto the stars were clasped,
A myriad souls upon the earth and all the worlds
they grasped,
And a long sigh of glad awakenings.
The festive surging of the town that ne'er shall die,
The rustle of spirit pinions, the play of the winds
in a mystic lea,
The opening strains of orchestras, that none may
see,
To the rhythm of their secret gesture rose on high.

“ THE HANDS.”

Arn. Czech z Czechenherzů (b. 1878).

THE RETURN

When after years in avenues
 Of the old home I took my way,
 Upon the path, around my feet,
 From every tree the blossoms lay.

And every blossom was a hope
 That e'en the soul could keep no more,
 And every blossom was deceit,
 That led me to the world of yore.

When after years in avenues
 Of the old home I took my way,
 Upon the path around my feet
 From every tree the blossoms lay.

Svatopluk Čech (1846—1908).

OUR NATIVE TONGUE

Power and fame and wealth—of all these things
 what doth to us remain ?

 Our native tongue.

What with a single shield did guard us in the
 wearisome campaign ?

 Our native tongue.

Let with a heavenly music sound, o'er half the
world its mastery wield,

A foreign tongue.

Queen of them all is in our eyes, and unto none
the palm shall yield,

Our native tongue.

And tho' it were a beggar-girl, and nothing but a
maiden spurned—

Our native tongue.

It is our will that it may to a glorious princess
be turned—

Our native tongue.

Be thou the apple of our eye, be thou to us more
dear than all—

Our native tongue.

And never thro' our failing care, upon it shall a
shadow fall—

Our native tongue.

There has no compact e'er been made, that can
impose a price to pay

On our native tongue.

Rather would we all surrender, than a jot should
go astray

From our native tongue.

Nay, ne'er shall be with our consent surrendered
to an overlord,

Our native tongue.

This sacred tongue's eternal rights shall ne'er by
 aught except the sword
 From us be wrung.

Ne'er shall it retreat, but ever farther onwards
 must it go—

 Our native tongue.

Ever higher must ascend, and ever more serenely
 glow—

 Our native tongue !

“NEW SONGS” (1888).

Karel Červinka (b 1872).

YEARNING IN EARLY SPRING

After long years sweet feeling came to me,
 Thy locks I fondled tenderly ;
 O little child, I took thee to my breast,
 And lulled thee peacefully to rest.

Eve, eve already to the room draws nigh,
 The white mists o'er the housetops lie ;
 The waning, waning day is softly quenched,
 The bells their music in the mist have drenched.

Thou sleepest, child. I stood afar,
 Gently, that I thy slumber might not mar,
 Went to the casement, silent gloom beheld.

Grey evening ! Woe without an end !
My heart it stirred and bloodily did rend,
And in my eyes the tear-drops welled.

“ THE SUN IN THE MISTS ” (1901).

Karel Dostál-Lutinov (b. 1871).

THE SWANS

The swans, white as snow,
Have soared up on high ;
They have gleamed, they have vanished
Awhile in the sky.

To the end of the earth
The swans have soared fleetly ;
They have sung and grown silent,
Tenderly, sweetly !

They have sung as the sound
Of an organ that plays,
As when to Maria
The angels sing praise.

The swans have grown silent
At the end of the world,
As if my young years
Their wings had unfurled.

“ THE ROVING SINGER ” (1902).

Xaver Dvořák (b. 1858).

ASTRAY

We have strayed from the sunlight,
 By the gloom of the forest encompassed around.
 What lamps have ye kindled ?
 In their dim rays the shadows abound and
 abound.

Old griefs have arisen
 Like night-birds 'mid drooping of branches that
 sigh,
 Their eyes kindled with blood ;
 Exceeding close o'er my head they did fly.

I smell the scent of decay
 Of the kingdom of death. The grave-stones are
 near ;
 They rest with the calm of the mound,
 But the tooth-marks of Death on their crosses
 appear.

Let us back to the Sun !
 Sore stricken am I. O turn once again !
 How sweetly it glowed in our Day newly-born,
 And a smile of delight went from all in its train.

We have gazed down from Golgotha,
On the valley our gazes we cast in a dream ;
The field-lilies there were in blossom,
The figs grew ripe in the gloom's reddish gleam.

The fragrance of olives gushed forth,
As if into space from a censer 'twere cast ;
Men's songs full of longing
Upon the horizon in harmony passed.

Peace was amid their movement,
As tho' in devotion in toil of a throng ;
The countenance glowed in delight of a fervent
love,
They bowed them in mercy for them that knew
wrong.

Why did we go from thence !
On the loftiest of the heights we have pined ;
We descended and passed at midnight away,
But other Days and Suns did not find.

“ THE NEW LIFE ” (1903).

Karel Jaromír Erben (1811—1870).

THE WILLOW

In the morn he sat at meat ;
Thus his youthful spouse did greet :

“ Mistress mine, thou mistress dear,
Thou in all things wert sincere.

“ Thou in all things wert sincere,—
One thing ne’er thou let’st me hear.

“ We have now two years been wed,
Only one thing brings me dread.

“ Mistress mine, O mistress blest,
With what slumber dost thou rest ?

“ In the evening fresh and bright,
Like a corpse thou art at night.

“ Naught has sounded, naught has stirred,
Nor is trace of breathing heard.

“ Filled with coldness is thy frame,
E’en as if to dust it came.

“ Nor doth rouse thee from thy sleeping
Our young child with bitter weeping.

- “Mistress mine, thou wife of gold,
Doth some sickness thee enfold ?
- “If by sickness thou’rt dismayed,
Let wise counsel be thine aid.
- “Many herbs are in the field,
Thou perchance by one art healed.
- “But if herbs can naught avail,
A potent spell can never fail.
- “Clouds to a potent spell will yield,
That ships in the raging storm can shield.
- “A potent spell o’er fire holds sway,
Rocks can shatter, dragons slay.
- “A gleaming star from heaven can rend,
A potent spell thy weal can send.”
- “O husband mine, so dear to me,
Let no vain word trouble thee.
- “What was fated at my birth,
To no balm will yield on earth.
- “What has been decreed by fate,
At man’s word will not abate.

“ Tho’ lifeless on my bed I lie,
Ever ’neath God’s might am I.

“ I am ever ’neath God’s might,
Who protects me night by night.

“ Tho’ I sleep as dead, at morn
My spirit back to me is borne.

“ I rise at morn from weakness freed,
For ’twas thus by God decreed.”

Wife, these words of thine are naught,
For thy husband guards his thought.

At a fire an aged soul
Water pours from bowl to bowl.

Cauldrons twelve stand in a row,—
The husband for her aid doth go.

“ Mother, hear ! thy skill is great,
Know’st what each has to await.

“ Know’st how plague comes into being,
Where the Maid of Death is fleeing.

“ Tell me, now, with clearness, this :
What is with my bride amiss ?

" In the evening fresh and bright,
Like a corpse she lies at night.

" Naught has sounded, naught has stirred,
Ne'er a trace of breathing heard.

" Filled with coldness is her frame,
E'en as if to dust it came."

" How can she be aught but dead,
Since her life but half is led ?

" She dwells by day at home with thee,
At night her soul dwells in a tree.

" Go to the stream beyond the park,
Thou find'st a willow with shining bark.

" A yellow bough the tree doth bear,
The spirit of thy bride is there."

" I have not espoused my bride,
That with a willow she might abide.

" Near to me my bride shall stay,
The willow in the earth decay."

In his arm the axe he held,
From the root the willow felled.

In the stream amain 'twas cast,
From the depths a murmur passed.

There came a murmur, there came a sigh,
As of a mother whose end is nigh.

As of a mother in death's embrace,
Who to her infant turns her face.

“Round my dwelling what a throng,
Wherefore sings the knell its song?”

“The wife thou lovest is no more,
As by a sickle smitten sore.

“At her toil she bore her well,
Till like a tree hewn down she fell.

“And she sighed in death's embrace,
And to her infant turned her face.”

“Ah, woe is me! Ah, grievous woe;
My bride, unwitting, I laid low.

“In that same hour, thro' me was left
My child of mother's care bereft.

“O thou willow, willow white,
Why did'st bring me to this plight?

“ Half my life thou took'st from me ;
What shall I do unto thee ? ”

“ Let me from the stream be drawn,
And my yellow bough be sawn.

“ The wooden strips thou then shalt take,
And thereof a cradle make.

“ Lay the child therein to sleep,
That the poor mite may not weep

“ When he lies in slumber there,
He shall find his mother's care.

“ Plant the boughs by the water-side,
That no evil them betide.

“ Till he to a stripling grown,
Frame a reed-pipe for his own.

“ On the reed-pipe he will sing,
To his mother answering.”

“ THE GARLAND ” (1853).

Irma Geisslová (b. 1855).

SONG

Lark, in the glow of eve,
 Reddening like gleaming ore,
 When thus I hear thy voice,
 Fain I my notes would pour.

Happy thy lot! In space
 Like quivering dust to fade,
 But with thy tuneful throat
 All regions to pervade.

Vítěslav Hálek (1835—1874).

SONGS OF EVENING
 (1859)

II.

Springtime is wafted from afar,
 With longing all is teeming;
 And all is pressing to the sun,
 That long has been a-dreaming.

From out its nest the finch, and from
 The hut the children speed;
 The many-coloured blossoms waft
 Sweet fragrance on the mead.

The leaf is bursting from the twig,
The birds are gaily singing ;
And from the youthful breast and heart
The buds of love are springing.

III.

The trees are rustling softly ; through
The leaves scarce moves a breeze ;
The birds in blissful dreams repose,
So silent and at ease.

Many a star in heaven appears,
Around it is so free ;
But in my bosom there is grief,
In my heart is misery.

Upon the petals of the flowers
The dew in splendour lies ;
O God, and even so the dew
Wells up into my eyes.

IV.

Now all is sleeping in the world,
Save the heart within my breast ;
God knows, it is the heart alone
That ne'er lies down to rest.

Upon God's earth, all now is mute,
But the heart its song desires ;
God knows, it is the heart alone
That never, never tires.

Thought is by slumber overcome,
Night changes place with day ;
The heart keeps watch, aye in the breast,
And there o'er love holds sway.

XI.

Like to a spreading tree am I,
Decked for a festive day ;
Come hither to the shade I spread,
Thou lovely rose of May.

Here every leaf in fragrance breathes,
The bees go humming by ;
The birds fly in the evening here,
They are my thoughts that fly.

They fly away, far, far away,
Like children from their home ;
But if thou com'st to tarry nigh,
No longer will they roam.

XIII.

Thou art still but a flower-bud,
From out the earth scarce born,
And yet already roses fair
Thy countenance adorn.

These roses are so beautiful,
Their fragrance so divine,
My soul is filled with love for them,
My heart for them doth pine.

XXI.

The stars up yonder in the sky
Are mighty worlds ; and fain
Would I but know what kind they are
The beings they contain.

And whether there is someone there
Who gazes from above ;
And if 'tis so, if he like me
Is singing songs of love.

XXIV.

The moon is up amidst the stars,
The woods are filled with sound ;
O'er the wide world it is as if
God scattered love around.

These early leaves with many a voice
Exchange a converse sweet ;
It is as if the amorous world
In a single kiss did meet.

And yet I know, in solitude
Is many a heart oppressed,
And many a youthful face doth find
From bitter tears no rest.

LVI.

O God, within this soul of mine,
Each wish is lulled to sleep ;
This only do I crave of thee,
That I my song may keep.

If Thou my gift of song would'st take,
No longer would I live,
Nor happy be, if for my song
Thou happiness would'st give.

LXIV.

The pale moon in the skies doth rest,
A song hath risen in my breast.

The birds have come and did relate
That our love hath been so great.

That these buds by spring-time borne
A bridal robe would fain adorn.

That this ivy forms a crown,
Upon thy head to thy renown.

That bedecked with charms untold,
Thee for evermore I hold.

Adolf Heyduk (b. 1835).

FROM "NEW GYPSY MELODIES"
(1897)

Hostess, a cup of wine, I pray,
From Debreczin I took my way;
By distant foot-paths I did fare,—
Lo, these fetters that I bear!

Our masters gave to me these bands,
They fettered fast my feet and hands;
That, when gleamed the star of morn,
I to the gallows might be borne.

Weakly were the fetters wrought,
By my strength asunder brought;
Why should such fetters be my plight,
For scanty bread and scanty right?

The gypsy from these bonds shall raise
A sharp defence ; there come the days,
That we ourselves with spurs shall clank,
Like the man of lofty rank.

I struggled, by a savage love laid low,
Burn me, destroy me with thine eyes' bright glow,
Let on me prey a swarm of sighs like fire,
And pierce my bosom with its own desire.

Thy breath is wafted like a breeze in spring,
Thy breath is fragrant, and doth rapture bring ;
My love, which thy laments would fain allay,
Like to young wine doth surge in pearly spray.

Like to a goblet filled with foamy longing,
Within my bosom gleaming waves are thronging ;
Twine round me thy pale tresses in a flood,
Thou still'st the fervour of my flaming blood.

A bounding desert-steed, my passion, cries :
O that thy breath would like the samum rise ;
O that thine arms might bring me to my end,
E'en as the hurricanes the oak-trees rend.

Josef Holý (b. 1874).

UPON THE WAVES

Upon the waves I was lulled to rest ;
To the silvery willow-trees I confessed.

The wavelets whisper, the willows are singing,
With ditties and wistful voices ringing.

The bright heavens o'er me wide open are lying,
The stars in a secret language are sighing.

Memories mock me ; by sleep awhile stilled,
My heart with a winsome longing is thrilled.

Little child, full of grace, thy favour bestow,
On a peaceful stream we together shall flow.

(1905).

FROM THE WORLD BEYOND

From the world beyond, the faith I cherish,
My heart sings an eternal strain ;
Nevermore my love shall perish,
Nevermore my fire shall wane.

Heaven and earth I touch a-wing,
 The storm throbs round in savage strife ;
 Belovèd maiden, to me cling,
 Let us fly to the depths of life.

(1905).

Hanuš Jellinek (b. 1878).

THE SONG OF THE HEAVENS, THE STARS,
 SCHUMANN AND MY WIFE

Du meine Seele . . .

The heavens have cried their golden tears,
 They have cried so still, they have cried ;
 My soul has sighed with an unknown grief,
 It has sighed in its woe, it has sighed.

In embraces of diamonds studded with gold,
 Heaven and earth have lain ;
 A magical strain in my soul is athrob,
 Of Schumann a magical strain.

Softly it thrills and my being it fills,
 In my soul it is gently streaming ;
 From this starry night the gaze of my wife
 Is beaming so gently, is beaming.

(1897).

Růžena Jesenská (b. 1863).

BY THE OCEAN

The night is deep and dark, with starry skies,
 Before me lies the ocean's vast domain ;
 Its organ's psalm in storm to heaven doth rise,
 In mystic distance vanishing again.
 And on their crests the billows are aglow
 With azure eyes that haunt the depths below ;
 The shadows quiver, full of phantom sprites. . . .
 Some black-hued ship, long sunken to its doom,
 Unheard was swimming in the veils of gloom,
 Where blinks the golden eye of beacon lights. . . .

Here is the ocean—with a heavenly maze
 Of unplumbed secrets, dread, alluring ocean,
 With clouds and worlds, with gloom of hidden ways,
 Like to a ruthless law, a dream in motion,
 And comforting as Death

Alone I pass,
 Before me is the ocean—mighty glass,
 Wherein Eternity may send a glance
 On restless passion, majesty of rest !

The ship draws nigh from far away perchance. . . .
 Does it behold me, in my glowing zest ?
 Does it not stray ? And founders not the skiff,
 Which decked with garlands should for me be
 sent ?

O dismal shores, with many a barren cliff,
By boundless ocean !

Night and gloom are blent. . . .

“ WHEN THE HOUR IS LATE ” (1910).

BENEATH THE MOUNTAINS

Here I stand beneath the mountains gloom-
oppressed,
And hushed to rest,
In whom a thousand years on high
And mutely eke a thousand years arose.
And birds, who to these shadows fly,
Resignedly and wistfully repose,
Like a grey trunk, like a deserted stone,
Its form into the heavens wildly flinging.

The mid-day sun has flown,
And like a wondrous lamp has sped away. . . .
Our ballad with its gold and cloud array
Somewhere with waning tones in timid wise is
singing—
And mightily aglow,
Like to a Dream and a heart-beat into space doth
flow.

The tepid gulfs of lakes grow blue far down,
And ice and snow the highest summits crown,

Nowhere of man or voice a sign—
 How the ice and the snow and eternal peace are
 drawing near,
 In which the beating of a heart I hear !

Beauty's wondrous calm I take as mine,
 In humbleness as if before the highest rite
 Of lofty truth !—The stars of reconciliation in my
 bosom beat,
 And trustfully and solemnly concealed in this grey
 night,
 My soul thy soul doth meet.

“ WHEN THE HOUR IS LATE.”

Bohdan Kaminský (b. 1859).

RITOURNELLES

Amid this life, where age by age are pressed
 A throng of hapless beings, naught save love
 So potent is, that man thereon may rest.

When that all hope amid the wastes doth stray,
 Ever by love man raises him on high. . . .
 Some let, ere this, their heart's blood ebb away

From out the soul much meets the poet's eye,
 But if he ponders where is joy on earth,
 Naught, if the heart is silent, makes reply.

Yea, joy there is. Young hearts with love it fills,
 Faces with radiance, souls with song, and flowers
 With dew ; with reconciliation ills.

Life is a book, read joyously in sooth,
 When every page speaks fragrance to our soul,
 And radiance, warmth, sweet tenderness to youth.

Some ever from afar behold their joys,
 Whose life is but a leaf torn from a book,
 That in the fire a maiden's hand destroys.

“ MEN AND WOMEN ” (1898).

Ant. Klášterský (b. 1866).

THE CLOISTER GARDEN

O'er Prague the setting sun lies low,
 Darker the cloister garden doth grow.

Darker and darker beneath our gaze ;
 The nuns still wander along its ways.

The bell has chimed and chillness is spread,
 Thro' the gloomy gate has the last one sped.

The desolate garden, O child, behold,
 To the song of the crickets the gloom doth enfold.

But what is the burthen of the refrain,
That the trees now whisper with secret strain ?

As if in their branches that sway on high,
There had seized upon them a peaceful sigh.

And their song in the stillness dies sadly away,
Didst thou understand it, my child, O say ?

Thou didst understand it, yea, well I know,
Thou dost kiss me with lips now in passion aglow.

“NEW SONGS” (1901).

Jan Kollár (1793—1852).

THE DAUGHTER OF SLÁVA

PRELUDE

Here lies the country, alas ! 'fore my eyes that in
tears are o'erflowing,

Once 'twas the cradle, but now—now 'tis the
tomb of my race ;

Check thou thy steps, for the places are sacred,
wherever thou turnest.

Son of the Tatra arise, cast to the heavens thy
gaze,

Or to the mighty old oak, that stands there yonder,
incline thee,

'Gainst the treacherous time holding its own till
to-day.

Ah, but worse than the time, is the man, who a
sceptre of iron,

Slavia, on thy neck, here in these lands has
imposed ;

Worse than savage encounters and fiercer than fire
and than thunder—

He who in frenzy blind covers his kindred with
shame.

O ye years of the past that as night are lying
around me,

O my country, thou art image of glory and
shame ;

From the treacherous Elbe o'er the plain to the
Vistula faithless,

From the Danube until Baltic's insatiate foam.

Where the mellifluous tongue of the sturdy Slavs
once resounded.

Now it, alas ! is still, silenced by onslaughts of
hate.

Who has committed this theft that cries for ven-
geance to heaven ?

Who has upon one race outraged the whole of
mankind ?

Blush thou for shame, O envious Teuton, the
neighbour of Sláva,

Many such sins have thine hands often com-
mitted of old.

Ne'er has an enemy yet shed blood—or ink—so
profusely,

As by the German was shed, compassing Sláva's
decay ;

Only of liberty worthy is he who can liberty value,
He who puts captives in bonds—he is a captive
himself.

Whether our hands or our tongue he binds in the
bonds of the captive,

'Tis but the same ; he neglects rights of his
fellows to heed.

He who has cast down thrones, and for naught has
shed blood of his fellows,

Into the hapless world carried the torch of
dissent,

Scythian, Goth tho' he be, he has earned the
guerdon of serfdom,

Not who to untamed hordes peace by example
extolled.

Where have ye wandered, dear nation of Slavs
that formerly dwelt here,

Now Pomerania's springs, now drinking deep of
the Saale,

Peaceful stock of the Sorbs, and Obotritian off-
spring,

Where are the Wilzen, and where, grandsons of
Uker, are ye ?

Far to the right I gaze, to the left a searchingly
turn me,

But 'tis in vain that my eye Sláva in Slavia
seeks.

Tell me, thou tree, their temple of nature, under
whose shadow

They to primæval gods offerings formerly burnt,
Where are these nations, and where are their
princes and where are their cities,

They who the first in the North called into
being this life ?

They taught the use of sails and of oars to indigent
Europe,

Taught how to sail o'er the sea, passing to
bountiful shores.

Out of the ore-laden depths they dug the metals
concealed there,

More from respect for the gods rather than
profit to men ;

They taught the farmer to till the bosom of Earth
with the plough-share,

So that the lands that were bare yielded the
golden-hued corn.

They by the peaceful paths, the lime-tree sacred
to Sláva,

Planted and scattered around fragrance and
shadowy rest.

Each taught his son to build cities and in them to
carry on commerce,

While by the women were taught maidens the
weaving of cloth :

O thou masterly nation, for this what recompense
hast thou ?

Torn is thy garland in twain, hatefully robbed
of its form,

As to the hive of the stranger the bees for the
sweet-scented honey

Throng in a swarm and there queen-bee and
young ones assail,

So in his own domain the master is serf, while his
neighbour

Slyly crept in and his neck woefully bound with
a chain.

Where in the verdant groves sang the beautiful
daughter of Sláva,

Now are the song-loving lips silenced by deafen-
ing sounds ;

Where in marble arose the halls of the thunderer
Perun,

Now from the ruins distress shelter for cattle has
made ;

Where to the heavens uprose the old-famed towers
of Arkona,

Yonder the stranger's foot tramples the frag-
ments to dust.

There they bewail the ruins of Retra's temples, the
famous,

Where they arose now dig lizard and serpent
their nest.

Son of the Sláva who comes from this land to visit
his brother,

Is to his brother unknown, presses not warmly
his hand ;

Strange is his language that comes from lips and
from countenance Slavic,

Countenance seemingly Slav sadly the hearing
deceives.

For on her sons right deeply has Sláva imprinted
her tokens,

Nor can the place or the time ever their traces
erase ;

Just as two rivers whose waters a single bed has
united,

Still for long on the way parted their colours
remain.

So by violent strife are these nations confusedly
mingled,

Yet does their nature till now visibly sundered
remain.

But have degenerate sons heaped often upon their
own mother

Curses, and yet in their guilt cringed to the
step-mother's lash ;

They in their nature are neither Slavic or Teuton,
but bat-like,

Half of the nature of one, half of the other
possess.

Thus do the Osman hordes run riot in countries
Hellenic,

Lofty Olympus is now crowned with the tail of
a horse ;

Thus the two worlds of the Indies has grasping
Europe corrupted,

Civilization removed virtue, land, colour, and
speech.

Nation and honour have vanished, the gods have
gone with the language,

Nature alone doth remain—nature that ne'er can
be changed.

Forest, stream, town and village unwilling their
titles Slavonic

Altered ; the form but remains. Spirit of Sláva
is gone.

O who will come, these graves from a living dream
to awaken ?

Who will the rightful heir back to his country
restore ?

Who will tell us the place where Miliduch bled for
his nation ?

Who will a monument raise, keeping his memory
fresh ?

Where, in his wrath at reform, did Kruk in defence
of traditions,

Take the command of the Slavs, fighting their
cause to uphold ?

Or how Bojeslav wielded in contest the sword of
a victor,

And with statutes in peace guided his happy
domain ?

Now there are none remaining ; the boorish coun-
tryman's ploughshare,

Crashing destructively on, breaks up the warriors'
bones ;

Wroth at the worthlessness of two generations,
their shadows

Haunt the dim mist of decay, uttering cries of
lament.
Uttering cries of lament that Fortune relentless
continues,
Letting their grandsons' blood either decay or
be changed ;
Coldly in sooth would beat the heart of a man for
his nation,
If he would shed no tears here, even as o'er his
love's bones.
Ah, but be silent, O grief, serenely beholding the
future,
Scatter with eye like the sun thoughts that arose
in a cloud.
Greatest of evils it is, in misfortune to wrangle
with evil,
He who assuages by deeds anger of heaven does
best.
Not from a troubled eye springs hope, but from
hands that are active,
Thus, and thus only, can now evil be turned
into good.
Only the man but not mankind can stray on the
journey,
Oft the confusion of some favours the rest as a
whole.
Time changes all, and by time is truth to victory
guided,
What in their error the years planned in a day
is o'erthrown.

“ THE DAUGHTER OF SLÁVA ” (1824).

Eliška Krásnohorská (b. 1847).

AND FAR AWAY, THE AZURE PEAKS

This wide domain is like a flower
That budded in the morning light,
And far away, the azure peaks
Above like dewy breath of night.

So beaming are the fields around,
Like a sweet wreath of days of bliss,
And far away, the azure peaks—
A myrtle spray of memories, this.

The ruddy light upon the meads,
Like to a kiss bestowed at meeting,
And far away, the azure peaks,
Like an embrace in farewell greeting.

SONG

O clouds, ye boisterous flock of birds,
Where fly ye at such stormy pace,
That scarce your shadows can be seen,
Clasping the mead in dim embrace?
And that my spirit fathoms not
Wherefore ye to the mountains hie,
Nor what doth speed you in its train
To foreign climes that yonder lie.

O, if into a cloud, as ye,
 Might be transformed my ponderings,
And soar unto the ends of earth
 Upon their dusky raven wings !
On Cheskian hills amid their flight,
 They would perforce awhile descend,
And with a rainbow-radiant smile
 E'en 'mid their tears a greeting send.

Fr. Kvapil (b. 1855).

SPRING SONG

Love 'mid the flowers is softly singing,
 And greeting bringing ;
Its golden threads the sun doth shake,
Awake, my beauteous child, awake,
 To slumber clinging !

The golden bees 'mid clover fly,
 Swarming by ;
Full of play and mirth to-day,
A wondrous thing, this morn of May
 Has risen on high.

And dost thou in this hour of gladness
 Gaze with such sadness ?
Spring-tide o'er the earth is pouring,
Like to the lark thou shouldst be soaring
 In rapturous madness.

Forget the thoughts that bring thee pain,
 Joy amain
Into thy soul fresh weal is bringing,
Love 'mid the flowers is softly singing
 Its deathless strain.

“WHEN THE POPPIES BLOOMED”
(1905).

Jiří Karásek ze Lvovic (b. 1871).

TUBEROSES

In the faint tuberose fragrances, oblivion sending
 On the last night, that never gazes on a morn,
My soul departs in sleep, to which there is no
 ending,
As if by beat of angels' wings to rest 'twere
 borne.

In the faint tuberose fragrances, oblivion sending,
 My hopes, my longings, unfulfilled to rest are
 laid,
And like a shadow, like a dream undreamed are
 wending
After my spirit's shade.

“CONVERSATIONS WITH DEATH” (1905).

THE BURDEN OF ETERNITY

Gloom, the mute spinner, grief weaved in my
 yearning,
 When in the dead waste quailed the hope that
 lies,
 Till suddenly at night my eyes were turning
 Unto the bluish mirror of the skies.

Like stars, as path I chose eternity—
 Age mars them not, for them no change is
 wrought ;
 In azure space, calm, crystal-cold, they flee,
 Who would be deathless, solitude has sought.

Silent sonata, 'mid stars' dreary way,
 How burden'st thou the soul, that fain would lay
 Amid a dream of molten gold, its wings !

As from a dazing cup, where joy makes rife
 Hot passion, rather would I drink of life,
 Than 'mid vain beams reach deathless lonely
 things.

“ENDYMION” (1909).

Emanuel Lešetický z Lešehradu (b. 1877).

BLUE EVENING

A veil upon my soul doth lie,
Come, we to the garden together shall hie.
 There, where the light of the moon is flowing,
 The petals of gleaming lilies are blowing,
 And elves to guitars that faintly sound
 In the long avenues dance around.

Lo, fragrant scents from the garden fly,
To gather the mint-sprays let us hie.
 'Mid their dancing the wan elves disappear,
 Within the long avenues 'tis drear,
 And the castle amid the evening rays,
 On its image in the lake doth gaze.

Yea, we must dance where none is nigh,
Come, we to the garden together will hie.
 The fountains of night send forth their notes,
 Blue evening o'er the country floats:
 And let its golden laughter loom
 Where lilies and begonias bloom.

“WHEN ROSES BLOOM” (1904).

JUNE

The earth has blossomed, and far and near
A languid mood o'er the land has spread ;
On the heath, a radiance golden-clear
Mingled with rain of heaven is shed.

The blossoming fields in the distance are gleaming,
A waggon has passed. The acacia scent
From somewhere is wafted. A bird pipes a-
dreaming.
The air is athrob, with the sun's heat blent.

The chirping of crickets is borne along ;
A hut on the hill-side. The buzzing bees throng
Into the clover and white camomile.

And thou art happy—thou seemest to see
How a woman is held in embrace by thee,
And thou lovest and lovest and lovest the while.

“ CHANTS OF DREAMS AND THE FRAGRANCE
OF SPRING ” (1905).

Jan Svatopluk Machar (b. 1864).

SONG IN AUTUMN

'Twas in the moment when the sun is low,
Sinking to slumber in the evening gloom,
The time of roses, songs and souls aglow,
Our love began to bloom.

Now fly the winds with shrill and piercing din,
The song is over and the roses fade,—
My heart in summer was a nest, wherein
A bird of passage strayed.

“THIRD BOOK OF LYRICS” (1886—1889).

AUTUMN CAUSERIE

IV.

Alas! youth fades, the inmost longing wanes,
Wild roses in their season clustering bloomed,
But on some autumn morning there remains
A twig, thorn-laden, doomed.

And shallow joy, frail bliss and moments sweet,
The ruthless time into the distance carries,
The summer-tide of life, so fleet, so fleet,
And a long autumn tarries.

Our lot is sad. By coming into life
We are but into Death's dominion borne,
Whereof are sorrow, woes, our livelong strife
An overture forlorn.

Our soul can foster for a span of hours
Only the thoughts from which the tears can flow,
Like fallow-land, whereon there bloom no flowers,
But only brambles grow.

“THIRD BOOK OF LYRICS.”

SUMMER CAUSERIE

III.

In youth we raised our brows on high,
When first we heard Life's thunder roar,
Unwearied Life its thunder sent ;
But we ere long our heads had bent,
Why let the brow be smitten sore ?

Wherefore lament ? Wise destiny
Has measured out our final hour !
A grave on earth . . . O wondrous fair,
Why for another end prepare ?
Yea, for no longer have we power.

“ THIRD BOOK OF LYRICS.”

Josef Müldner (b. 1880).

OCEAN FOREBODING

My heart, thou long wert sore distressed,
Now sweetly canst thou take thy rest.

By ocean's shore, where sand-hills be,
'Neath brown-hued sails upon the sea.

'Mid scent of ocean-air and grass,
Around in herds the cattle pass.

Wild poppies in the sun-light sway—
Where am I, when they fade away?

“THE RUINS” (1903).

Jan Neruda (1834—1891).

TO MY MOTHER

VI.

Know'st thou, dear mother, of the golden sun,
And of his mother—legend passing fair,
Who, night by night upon her withered breast
To slumber lulls her son far spent with care?

Yea, the poor wight must rove enough, enough,
Yea, all the day he thro' the world must go,
Enough grey mists and tempests, gloomy clouds,
Almost as much as man bears here below.

A grey-beard he lies down, a youth he rises,
With new-gained strength afresh o'er heaven
runs,—

O mother, mother, yea, thou righteous angel,—
My need is e'en as grievous as the sun's.

“BOOKS OF VERSES” (1867).

Stanislav Karel Neumann (b. 1875).

WHEN YEARS HAVE PASSED SHALL I
STILL BEWAIL THEE

“ Else.”

Young and of subtle charm thou wert slain
By worthy fathers
Weary of virtuous spouses,
And their sons
Taking their fill of the world.

In the white passage of the lazar-house
Vanished thy body ;
None clamoured : “ Murderers ! ”
’Mid their tranquil enjoyment.

When years have passed shall I still bewail thee !
Thou hadst a lustrous eye, and tresses of dusky
azure,
And blood that in part was derived from barbarian
Huns.

When years have passed shall I still bewail thee !
But not because it was here denied thee
To find the hearth of some fat-paunched boor,
That thou might’st bear to him children, laughing,
thriving.

Rather abiding longer within this haunt of the
devil would I behold thee,
Avenging thyself, yea, direly avenging thyself,
With the venom of thine embrace avenging thyself,

Even upon their children's children avenging thy-
self,
For thee and for thy sisters,
For us and for our brothers,
And for all the stock of the disinherited children
of Satan avenging thyself
Upon the protected caste
Of God-fearing, privileged
Citizens.

“ APOSTROPHES PROUD AND PASSIONATE ”
(1896).

Jan Opolský (b. 1878).

TWILIGHT YEARNING

O come, thou peaceful dove of even-tide !
The soothing bells grow faint on pasture-ways ;
A death-like muteness waxes far and wide,
The forest shrine amid its secrets sways.

Torches on peaks, pale glimmers from the lakes,
Into the gloom in dim array depart ;
A mute, great spirit rises o'er the brakes,
Unmoved by solemn rhythms is the heart.

The unconcealèd tracks from earth to earth,
Into the dusk upon their orbits speed ;
Nigh is the moment . . . calm of mighty worth,
My youthful soul, conceal thou not thy creed !

“ THE WORLD OF THE SAD ” (1899).

Fr. S. Procházka (b. 1861).

BLADE OF GRASS

Blade of grass so verdant,
 Growing o'er my mound,
 I see thee rising higher
 Than the rising ground.

From the ground a blossom
 Nods its head to me ;
 O'er me a finch is singing
 In the alder-tree.

The stone doth not oppress me,
 Underneath earth's breast ;
 So tenderly and gently
 By me it doth rest.

And a maiden cometh,
 And she droops her head ;
 A tearlet, pearly-gleaming,
 In memory she doth shed.

“ LATEST POEMS ” (1901).

THE YELLOW FLOWER

On the court-yards of the Hradchin,
In restfulness and orphan-lone,
The blades of grass, long-suffering,
Raise their heads above the stone.
Grass, dear grass, that bear'st thy doom
With patience, grass suffused with gloom.

O'er it winds are sweeping,
On it the sun is beaming,
From this grass is blooming
A blossom yellow-gleaming.
In all the country none appears
More yellow, and 'tis washed by tears.

Pluck thou one asunder,
It fills thy heart with woe ;
Pluck thou now a second,
In thy hand 'twill glow.
Pluck thou a third, without a sound
Blood from its stem flows to the ground.

On the court-yards of the Hradchin,
A wanderer passes by ;
He plucks the flowers asunder,
A garland he would tie.
A hundred years in his search he doth spend
'Mid the stones, for of blossoms there is no end.

“ SONGS OF THE HRADCHIN ” (1904).

MORAVIAN LANDSCAPE

The dust trails on the lonely road,
In heavy accents creaks the dray;
The black-maned horses drag their load,
At tardy pace upon their way.

Upon the white, unending track,
The drowsy carrier casts his gaze;
Miles lie before and miles lie back,
Tree and post are steeped in haze.

Poplar after poplar straying,
Pear-tree, apple-tree, and plane;
Summer-heat o'er meadow playing,
The corn-field rustles, rich in grain.

Strings of the mighty lyre to hear,
The quivering air upon them floats;
As in the country far and near,
From other worlds were borne their notes.

Is any nigh, their song to heed?
The carrier nods, in calm and peace;
'Mid sweltering heat the shoots bear seed—
Can aught here from its slumber cease?

“A VINTAGE” (1911).

THE ORE MOUNTAINS

Their peaks in proud and gloomy wise
'Mid solemn stillness to the skies
The Cheskian hills in distant haze
Northward raise.
Hark ! from their depths what sounds arise.

No shepherds loom upon the sight
By sheep-folds, and no sound takes flight
Of angels' harps, and angels' singing :
'Mid the bells ringing
Seethes Cheskian blood that loves the right.

But thou hear'st, the stillness rending,
The gloomy thunder-peal ascending.
The smiths are speeding, and they fashion
The mighty passion
Of slayers proud, the breach defending.

Thou hear'st the sound of metals roaring,
Sparks are singing, sparks are soaring ;
Renown he whets in skilful toil
With keen-edged foil,
Who for the golden fleece is warring.

In youthful strength from depths of hills
He rises 'mid our strife and ills ;
'Neath clouds o'er earth the flashes dart,
Within each heart,
Melts, at his gaze, the crust that chills.

Their peaks in proud and gloomy wise
 'Mid Yule-tide stillness to the skies
 The Cheskian hills in distant haze
 Northwards raise.
 'Tis thence the victors' tread doth rise.

All hail, our souls 'mid contest cheer,
 And man to man be ever near,
 Pure-souled to toil devote thyself,
 Unbribed by pelf—
 All hail, for now the time is here.

“ A VINTAGE ” (1911).

Karel V. Rais (b. 1859).

WINTER EVENING

The heath lies far and wide bestrewn with snow,
 From the full moon there falls a gentle glow.

Amid the white expanse of snow-clad plains
 Only a naked pear-tree trunk remains.

In the white gardens, by the valley's side,
 Huddled in sleep our tiny homes abide.

In the small casements not a spark is gleaming,
 The wearied people lie serenely dreaming.

O'er snowy plain the air doth gently sweep—
 The Cheskian country breathes it in, how deep !



Fr. Sekanina (b. 1875).

PRELUDE

Dost thou know what it was ?—'Twas the kiss that
Love shed.

Thou wouldst say : 'Twas the sunshine that to
us came streaming.

Lo, the lilies and daisies their blossoms have spread
And the bounteous gleaming !

But I say : 'Twas the kiss that Love did bestow.

A minstrel from Heaven on pinions came straying
To the shrine of the soul, o'er the keys he bent low,
And at a High Mass he the Kyrie is playing.

This sunlight unceasing is shining forth clear ;

From their gold-bedecked buds the lilies unfold ;
The priest in white garb to the altar draws near,
And the fragrance of incense is steeped in the
gold.

“ LYRIC INTERMEZZO ” (1901).

Karel Šelepa (b. 1885).

MUSIC

Lo, a sonata is a flower enchanted,
 That from a silver vase in Heaven blooms,
 In azure nights, amid deep slumber planted,
 When to the sky an opening casement looms.

A prelude is the mystic music played,
 By angels 'mid the trees when dusk is nigh,
 To those who girt by life and gloom have strayed,
 To those, who in the even homewards hie.

Andante is the sweetness of returning
 To the dim home, by apple-trees o'erspread ;
 My mother in her resting-place ; soft yearning
 From her dead lips and from her brow is shed.

“ THE EVENINGS OF THE SOUL ” (1905).

Jos. Václ. Sládek (b. 1845).

AH, HE WHO FORGETS

Ah, he who forgets,
 His love has but slighted ;
 In vain by his heart
 His troth has been plighted.

Ah, he who forgets,—
In the bounds of the world
For him ne'er has joy
Its blossoms unfurled.

Ah, he who forgets,
The bliss he has borne
In his hands is the blossom
Changed to a thorn.

Ah, he who forgets,—
His transgression is sore,
And God will take pleasure
In him nevermore.

“A MEDLEY” (1891).

Antonín Sova (b. 1864).

ALDER-TREES

Ye alder-trees, to me how dear,
At eve, with fragrant coolness near,
When o'er the water bent alone,
Your shadow here and there was thrown.

Somewhere the fishers' voices trailing,
Within the depths of night are quailing ;
The mill-sails, as they rustle low,
Have stirred within me old-time woe.

Among the reeds a snipe, black speck,
The pond with ripples did bedeck;
And likewise in my soul, meseems,
Has strayed the bird of golden dreams.

“ FROM MY COUNTRY ” (1898).

SONG

My hands embraced the violin
When years had passed, at home again.
In tones so void of skill, and thin
Quavered the hesitating strain,
Quavered the hesitating strain,
My tuneful art has taken wings,
Alas, 'tis vain! I know but this—
My tuneful art has taken wings.

And with desire and longing thrilled,
The tender violin to hear,
That oft by weeping strains was filled
In evenings when the moon shone clear,—
In evenings when the moon shone clear!—
I pressed more firmly on the strings;
Alas, 'tis vain! the string was rent—
My tuneful art has taken wings!

And she who once so gladly heard,
When wistfully I spoke and mused,

By no emotion was she stirred,
Her eager face no glow suffused,
Her eager face no glow suffused,
The fleeting time, what grief it brings,
I have grown old, and long ago
My skill in love has taken wings !

“ SORROWS OVERCOME ” (1897).

THE YELLOW FLOWERS

The meadow of Death grows sere in the gloom,
The land is athrob with the lute of Doom ;
Someone a blossom asunder strips,
And presses it close to the feverish lips.

The aged folk are on the brink,
And in sips their wine they drink ;
Upon their locks the moon-light rests,
On withered skin and drooping breasts.

Still may they tarry for a space,
And still to something turn their face.

Still to the Field they will not go.
The yellow blossoms rustle low,—
They will not die. They answer “ No.”

“ SORROWS OVERCOME ” (1897).

REVERIE

I know that the setting sun will quench the fear
of the coming morn,
And that before a new blossom the old one is slain
by a chilling blight ;
Visions, all visions grow mute at the vision of souls
new-born,
And God in His temples trembles at new gods that
rise to smite.

How silent and cheerless and bare ! I was yester-
day in my bloom,
Till I shall come to perceive that I am fading
to-day,
And I close my shrine for ever and the bells will
peal my doom,
And my lamp no longer will burn, and empty will
be my way.

“ SORROWS OVERCOME ” (1897).

THE EAGLES OF DISCONTENT

The Eagles would higher and higher rise,
E'en where the heart would have flown—
To the rugged crag beyond thine eyes,
Where one may perish alone.

And upon my Eagles there came dismay :

To the sun is a distant flight,
And farther at autumn-tide is the way,
Traacherous is the height.

In the depths of the waters the Eagles wept,
With their dreaming all fordone :

“ We to the highest summit have swept,
Why might we not reach the sun ? ”

“ BOLD VENTURES ” (1906).

THE SPRINGS OF HOPE

To the springs in the groves of Hope, to drink I
went,

The gleam of the waning stars in the morn was
spent ;

On the spare trees and on the boughs it trailed,
The doves at the echo of my footsteps wailed.

On crooked pathways that unending lay,

I met a thousand beings on my way ;

From the groves of Hope already they were faring,

Within their palms the drops, they sought for,
bearing.

And kings and beggars, throngs of women pour.

And little maidens whom princesses bore ;

With a new magic all their eyes shone brightly,

And all their lips 'neath kisses quivered lightly.

“ LYRICS OF LOVE AND LIFE ” (1907).

Frant. Xav. Svoboda (b. 1860).

SONG

Thy feelings must reach o'er all thy soul,
 In deep and in fervent wise ;
 The gleam of thy deeds and thy strife must abide
 in the depths below,
 And not to the surface rise.
 Be not a foolish dreamer, nor hungry for happiness
 grow,
 Thou must live, and every woe
 All must thou suffer and live, unheeding each
 blow ;
 Never else will incline itself
 Over thy brow, the grand
 Thought of thy fathers, and ne'er will its radiance
 flow
 Into thine eager hand.
 And all our earth, that has learned thro' life to go,
 And to weather the tempest's throe,
 Will not reach thee its arms ! To believe and to
 live thou must know !

“ IN OUR AIR ” (1890).

Otakar Theer (b. 1880).

THE SPRING EQUINOX

So sweet the air that e'en to perish were a wondrous thing,
So sweet the air, as blossoms freshly blooming in
the spring ;
The magic of the equinox, untroubled and exulting,
In peace is roving round, and in my soul
A garland of silvery dreams it has cast.

How much more beauteous are we all to-day,
How much more radiant are we all to-day,
Than in the days of the year that is past !

Let our eyes like waves be glowing,
Our lips in lustre mutely quivering,
Our hearts with dreams and love o'erflowing !

But amid scent of daisies in the fields draw near,
Like dancing shadows that to flowers bow not their
head,
Like unto saints, that round them waft a radiance
clear,
Women of whom we vainly dreamed in the year
that has fled.

“ CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE EGO ” (1900).

Karel Toman (b. 1877).

SONG

By every stream, by every way,
The mournful poplars heaved a sigh;
What balm will sooth the heart, O say,
When painful memories are nigh?

Thy land converseth with the night
Within thy heart—know'st this distress?
Around thee wood and mountain-height,
Oh, unto whom would'st thou confess?

And women round with blossoms fare,
And they sing ditties that lament,
And in thy soul that is so bare,
With vanity the gloom is blent.

“THE MELANCHOLY PILGRIMAGE” (1906).

Jaroslav Vrchlický (pseudonym for Emil Frida,
b. 1853).

AFTER THE RAIN

A strip of blue is on the sky-line gleaming,
And all the wood is fresh with pearls;
The stream that down the slope its waters hurls
With chatter and with mirth is teeming.

Hark to the waves how in their savage strife,
 They wake the echoes in the rocks to life.
 Thou weenest 'midst their streaming
 Stands mighty Pan, exulting as they brawl,
 O'er back and arms, and all
 His tresses flowing free
 He gazes, how the waves in torrents fall,
 And claps his hands for glee.

ECLOGUE

The air is steeped in scent of berries, and 'tis
 crystal-clear around,
 How the moss is palpitating underneath thy
 tread !
 And from the rushes strains like unto melodies of
 flutes resound,
 A gleaming rain of blossoms from the hawthorn
 bush is shed.
 Thou askest—joyful tears within thine eye,
 “Why is this, O why ?”
 On high
 The bird speaks, at thy foot the blossom of the
 field,
 “Only thus can all Spring's wonders be revealed.”
 Thy breath is sweet with scent of berries, crystal-
 clear thine eye is gleaming,
 How thy bosom 'neath the pressure of my hand
 doth thrill !

From my heart the fervour-laden strains of melody
come streaming,

Even as from a craggy rock there pours a pearly
rill.

Thou askest—tender tears within thine eye,

“Why is this—O why?”

On high

The bird speaks, at thy foot the blossom of the
field,

“Only thus can all Love’s wonders be revealed.”

“ECLOGUES AND SONGS” (1880).

SPRING SONG

Exulting, the lark to the heaven is soaring,

And from the edge of the clouds grey-gleaming

On to the world that with wonders is teeming

A rain of melodious pearls he is pouring.

And every tone like gold is ringing,

And the earth as it hearkens in rapture is thrilled

And its bosom with hope of the blossoms is filled,

And to it the scent of the fresh soil is clinging.

“ON THE PILGRIMAGE TO ELDORADO”
(1882).

MELANCHOLY SERENADE V.

Grief! that in my soul com'st stealing,
From violets that at night-time bloom,
And that like a glow-worm gleamest,
Soft in the summer's evening gloom.
Kindle within my heart a winsome lay,
Full of longing and of bliss,
And then within her kiss
 Fade away!

“MUSIC IN THE SOUL” (1886).

MELANCHOLY SERENADE XXII

Naught brings such grievous pain
As a flute with passionate strain,
 When in the rosy glow of eve
The light of day doth wane.

'Mid trees the sound doth flow,
In darkness lying low,
 Saying: “O ye dreams of youth,
Ye fill my soul with woe!”

And it laments and sighs,
In tender, moving wise,
 As my belovèd, softly breathing
O'er my brow and eyes.

Hark ! the rushes render,
 Accents dreamy, tender,
 And they quiver, as 'neath kisses
 Thy bosom in its splendour.

They flow in sorrow blent.
 Night is a flower ; there went
 From out its bosom, spreading languor,
 A music-laden scent !

Naught brings such grievous pain
 As a flute with passionate strain,
 When in the rosy glow of eve
 The light of day doth wane.

“ MUSIC IN THE SOUL ” (1886).

THE GRAVE-YARD IN THE SONG

Nightingale, on whom in nights of splendour Hafiz
 was intent,

 Where sing'st thou now ?

Rose, o'er whom full often Dante, plunged in
 meditation, bent,

 Where bloom'st thou now ?

Star of sweetness, unto whose dream-laden bright-
 ness from his cell,

Tasso's woeful plaint was lifted and his thronging
 sighs were sent,

 Where gleam'st thou now ?

Heart, that out of flames wast woven, out of roses
and of wine,

Heart of Sappho, whence by Eros lyric melodies
were blent,

Where beat'st thou now ?

Happy billow, that didst ripple tenderly round
Hero's foot,

When Leander, faint from swimming, by the
stormy waves was rent,

Where flow'st thou now ?

Cast into the song your gaze, for there a mighty
grave-yard lies,

'Neath whose surface all the bodies of the gods by
man are pent,

There weeps he now !

“MUSIC IN THE SOUL” (1886).

STAIRS

Some on the way to palaces are laid,
With statues and with tapestry adorned,
Of marble with a grey-hued balustrade.

The second in the burgher's dwelling end,
Only of sandstone—unadorned are they,
And turning, by a modest path ascend.

Others are worn away in woeful wise,
 And they are high, where ne'er a foot may tread,
 And moisture on the wall above them lies.

But yet a thought—whatever stairs they be
 On which by chance I linger in the town,
 Ever one thought there is brings grief to me :

That o'er them all 'midst cherished souls' dismay,
 And with unhappiness and flowing tears,
 Which in this life are seldom brushed away—

That o'er them all, or 'mid the flickering glow
 Of tapers, or in semi-gloom, alike
 The coffin with the dead is borne below.

“ THE BREVIARY OF A MODERN MAN ”
 (1892).

THE AUTUMN HAS COME

The leaves, once more dying,
 Are rustling and sighing.
 Autumn has reached us on tip-toe tread,
 O'er night he has come, in a mist-garment shrouded,
 The hues he has softened, the sheen he has clouded,
 'Neath his breath o'er the trees gold and purple
 have sped,
 And the leaves, that are dying,
 Are rustling and sighing.

I went from the park ; and the meadows were
sodden,

Roots lay there scattered, grown sere piece by piece ;
The fallow-land waste, and the stubble untrodden,
Save by a flock of cackling geese.

But afar by the wood in a silvery haze,
Naught but a reaper was standing alone,
With a swing of his scythe,—not a sound did he
raise,

The last of the yellow-hued ears he had mown.

And methought, as he mistily loomed in the brake,
That this was the autumn, that near to us drew,
Tears in the petals of asters to shake,
Cobwebs on every rafter to strew.

That the autumn it was, that on tip-toe drew nigh,
And lo ! as the scythe he did flourish and bend,
Clearly I heard, from the sheaves came a sigh :
I am autumn and death and decay and the end.

The leaves, once more dying,
Are rustling and sighing.

Autumn has reached us on tip-toe tread,
The casket of old recollections he clasped,
And ribbons, and leaves that are withered he
grasped ;

But out of the heart, gold and purple have sped,
And the leaves there are dying,
And rustling and sighing.

“ BITTER SEEDS ” (1889).

Quido Maria Vyskočil (b. 1881).

TWO TREASURES

(THEME FROM THE FOUNDRY)

Now comes the moment, when out of the furnace
the silver flows,
And the whole foundry quivers beneath one flaming stream;
The shadows of swarthy shoulders dance on the surface that glows.
The silent throng of the toilers tarries hard by,
Flitting with eyes that are dazzled amid the silvery gleam.
And the young toiler who now for the first time
of all is aware,
Of the village that brought him forth he of a sudden thinks,
Remembering on the way how many the poor that are there,
Yonder amid the nearness and gleam of the silver.
'Tis peaceful. The road slips by! In the arms of dusk the day sinks.
In a wondrous dream of a sudden, his soul in the gloom shines clear,
And to the eternal longing within him is wafted lightness.
Lo, his young wife bids him welcome and sheds a joyful tear,

And the toiler but wonders, wonders ;
A tear of love here, in the foundry the silver : one
stream and one brightness.

“ A GOLDEN PLOUGH UPON THE FIELD ”
(1905).

Adolf Wenig (b. 1874).

THE COMING OF EVENING

On the meadow the corn-crake in anguish is weep-
ing,
In the reeds of the marshes his voice is adroop ;
Eve from the darkening woods is creeping,
In flocks from the field the tan birds troop.

The day is closing, the red blood wells
From an open wound in the sun setting low ;
From the hamlets a chiming like grievous knells,
And the dusky wood like a mound of woe.

And only the wood-dove's peaceful calling
With a lure in the gloom of the forest is falling ;
O wearied heart, dost thou hear the cry ?—

The end is nigh.

A grievous shadow is cast in the vale,
In the heart of the wood is a pathway pale ;
What would it be, thereon to fare,

Returning ne'er ?

Peace and rest for the soul is there. —
Eve from the darkening woods is creeping,
The corn-crake upon the meadows is sleeping.

“ THE GARDEN OF THE HEART ” (1905).

Karel de Wetter (b. 1882).

NOCTURNE

Serenely the country sleeps in the gloom,
It seems like to a grave-yard there,
Or like unto one mighty tomb,
Where I betake myself for prayer.

Like unto wraiths the trees are dreaming,
Rigid is every leaf thereon,—
The moon is on the waters gleaming,
Like to the image of a swan.

Afar from a window somewhere is playing
A piano o'er lands in dream held fast,—
As if in longing someone were praying
For the paradise, vanished in days long past.

As if from a bosom wounded sore,
The sound of frenzied laughter were pressed ;
And as if lovers that are no more
Blent in kisses were gone to rest.

I feel as if o'er the land there stole
A grievous sorrow without a sound—
And this, methinks, is Schumann's soul,
That in lonely places roams around.

FROM THE JOURNAL "THE BELL"
(1911).

Jan z Wojkowicz (b. 1880).

FRAGMENT

.
And what of all remained to me,
When back from Eden I returned ?

Dreams of princesses in satin array,
For princes that tenderly are gleaming ;
For princes that dreamy liteness display,
And like to love with passion are teeming.

Dreams of princesses in satin array,
In a bower where scents of roses flow,
And they crave to wander away, ah, away,
Golden-clad on a horse to go.

“ POEMS ” (1900).

Julius Zeyer (1841—1901).

IN SPRING

In the grove sings the throstle,
O golden strain,
Full of longing and tenderness,
Full of sweet pain !

How the meadow is smiling,
And the green-covered leas ;
What secrets they capture
From the whispering breeze !

And the lark in the tempest
 Its song is flinging,
As o'er a dark forest
 A star were singing.

Lo the sun and the spring-tide,
 Lo verdant May ;
Once again 'tis returning,
 With its dreamy lay.

O spring-tide, O May-tide,
 O the sounds that take flight ;
How the earth has grown youthful,
 And the air full of might !

On all sides what brightness,
 And around me what gladness ;
But grief in my bosom,
 And sorrow and sadness.

My love that is loveless,
 Is bleeding in anguish ;
Ne'er returneth my May-tide,
 In the grave it doth languish.

“ NEW SONGS ” (1907).

THE END

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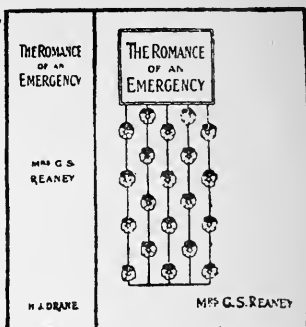
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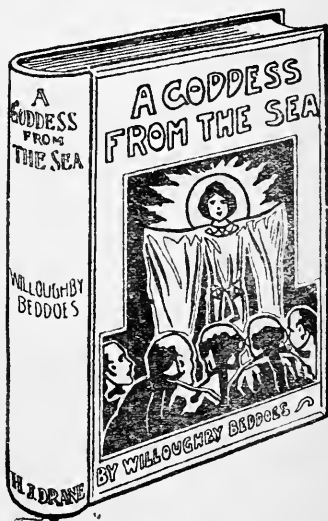
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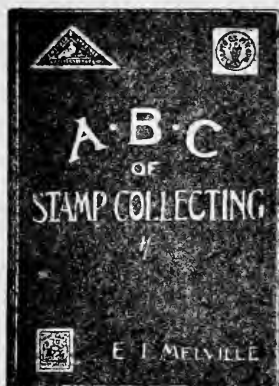
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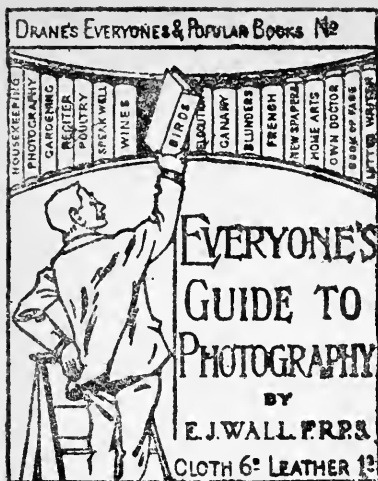
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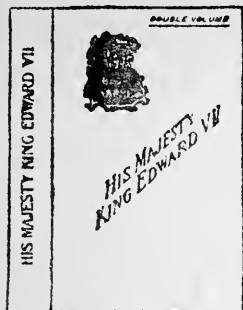
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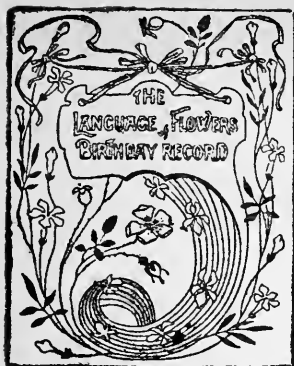
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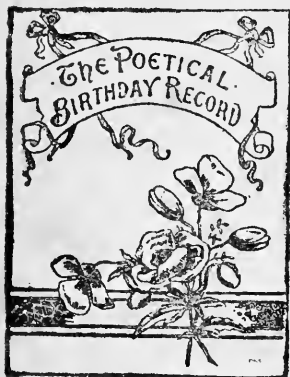
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